THE THEATRE

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Photo Hall

MISS MARY MANNERING IN HER NEW PLAY "NANCY STAIR"

THE CURRENT PLAYS

MANHATTAN THEATRE. "Richter's Wife." Play in four acts, by Julie Herne. Produced February 27, with this cast:

Michael Richter, John E. Kellerd; Oscar Brandt, William Humphrey; Dr. Hartley, Charles Lamb; Butler, Edward Meers; Elsie, Julie Herne; Helen Warner, Chrystal Herne; Rose Warner, Ann Warrington; Maid, Belle Daube.

This play, presented at a series of matinées, is a tragedy of the Soul, and it is not at all likely that Julie Herne, who wrote it, really knows much about that sort of thing. But she does understand the art of playwriting uncommonly well, and she can act. In fact, "Richter's Wife" is quite an achievement. It is not to be explained away or slighted. There is every promise of a career for the young writer. In denying the idiotic compliment that has found expression in print that she inherited the art of playwriting from her father and of acting from her mother, by birth, we are expressing an admiration for her of infinitely more truth and meaning. She learned. She was taught. From lisping childhood she was developed in a pure and invigorating atmosphere of the drama. Her father, James A. Herne, was, in simplicity, episode, naturalism and remoteness from conventionalism, the greatest dramatist the American stage has ever had. To say that Julie Herne learned nothing from such a man, and inherited everything from him, is foolish.

"Richter's Wife" has, by far, more of James A. Herne in it than it has of Ibsen. There is more of mature force in it than there is of immaturity. Naturally enough, there is much unconscious imitativeness in a girl so young. In the drama, as in all creative arts, the best work is done between forty and sixty. Miss Herne has plenty of time. She even now has her father's technique of simplicity. Nobody is ever mystified as to what the play is about. A young wife, who loves her husband passionately, discovers that he is drifting away from her in his absorption in music, as the conductor of the Beethoven Orchestra. Her cousin, a simple-hearted girl, is living with her and studying music under Richter. This simple country girl and Richter, not so simple, fall in love. The wife overhears her husband urging the cousin to go away with him. The wife commits suicide by mixing poison in a drink which she sips while talking with the girl who has won her husband from her. All this is simple enough, but it admits of a number of very effective scenes, always dramatic and never merely theatric. The cousin was played by the dramatist's sister, Chrystal Herne. She has temperament, skill and precision. They both show the training of Mr. and Mrs. Herne. In their acting and in the play occasional crudities in execution could be noted, but it was plain to see that the conception was there. These young artists have firm ground under their feet and will go far.

John E. Kellard, who is a forceful and artistic actor, presented a strong characterization as Michael Richter the misunderstood husband. William Humphrey was excellent as Oscar Brandt and Ann Warrington was seen to advantage as Rose Warner.

Photo White

MISS JULIE HERNE

Daughter of the late James A. Herne and whose first play "Richter's Wife" gives promise of a brilliant career as a dramatist

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "The Prince Consort." A Comedy by William Boosey and Cosmo Gordon Lennox, from the French of Xanrof and Chancel. Produced March 6, with this cast:

Prince Cyril, Ben Webster; Ex-King of Ingra, Henry E. Dixey; President of the Council, Wm. H. Thompson; Lieutenant Sandor, Wilfrid North; Count Mylviac, Basil West; Minister of War, Charles Butler; Minister of Finance, Roy Fairchild; Minister of Police, Arthur Hoyt; Archbishop of Marinia, Charles Bowsser; Chamberlain, Herbert Ayling; Princess Xenofa, the Queen's aunt, Miss Kate Phillips; Mlle. de Sirkapia, Miss Lillian Mainwaring; Mme. de Nielcy, Miss Edith Cartwright; Mme. d'Ecforas, Miss Catherine Murphy; Mme. de Travenich, Miss Margaret Robinson; Mme. d'Orbarof, Miss Felice Morris; Queen Sonia, Miss Ellis Jeffreys.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, of the Haymarket Theatre, London, is making her first visit to "the States." She is stately, fair, almost indefinably attractive, something different from the other English women who have come Westward in search of the golden fleece. She plays the Queen in "The Prince Consort," at the Knickerbocker Theatre and she does it well. Even Mr. Hebbs, the corner green-grocer, would be reconciled to royalty for a while in seeing her. She is a capable actress, but he strength lies less in her art than in her personality. Her taste in dress is exquisite, and her robes, of course, are "stunning." It would not be worth while to mention these things if the play were not a pleasing one. In the nature of the case it may be easily believed that the play was a very great attraction in England. It would have a great many bearings there which are entirely lost here. A young Queen marries a foreign Prince, just as did Victoria, of England, and Wilheemina, of Holland. A question of precedence and authority arises, the couple quarrel, and her yielding through love reconciles them. The human side of it happens to appeal to an American audience. To the lover of royalty and the worshipper of aristocracy there must be thrills in it.

Henry Dixey plays the father of the Prince Consort, and, with that old reprobate, the King of Belgium, as a model, he effects a most amusing satire. The action is not stirring, but, with its episodes and details, the play is sufficiently entertaining. The ex-King drives a good bargain in arranging the details of the marriage settlement. He stops the discussion of State affairs to exhibit the photographs of Parisian actresses. In his final need for money he falls prey to the aunt of the Queen, who is a somewhat lively person herself, having pursued through three acts a six-foot lieutenant of the Queen's Guard.

Ben Webster, of the name and family distinguished in theatrical annals, plays the Prince. He is a good actor, with all the requisite distinction for the role. W. H. Thompson, as the President of the Council, overacts a rather foolish part. If he should study the part as a satire he might perhaps make something of it. There are many elements of interest in the production apart from any consideration of the play as a play. There are some ladies-in-waiting that top our show-girls. At least, they are new, and they have quality.

Wilfrid North did all that could be done with the stupid part of the inane guardsman and Kate Philipps contributed lively, if somewhat broad, comedy, as the sentimental aunt.

SAVOY THEATRE. "Abigail." Comedy in four acts, by Kellett Chalmers. Produced February 211, with this cast:

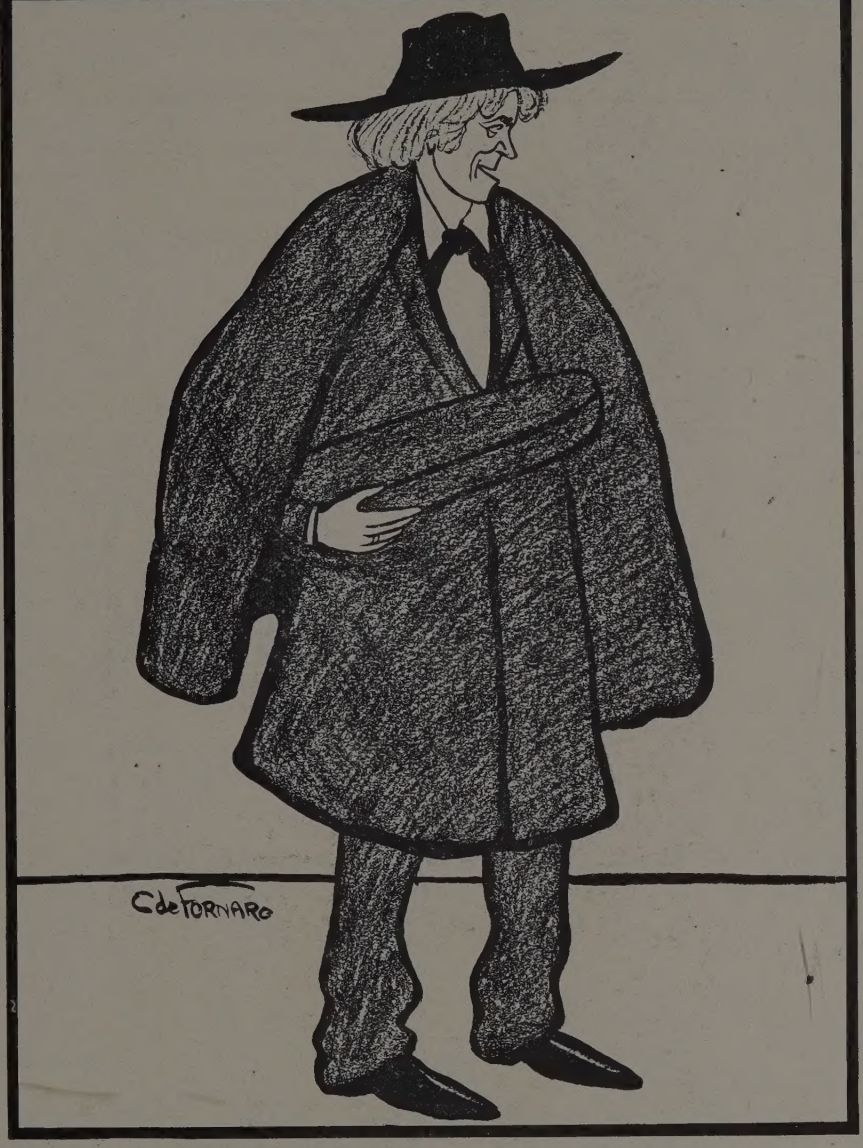
Abigail Stokes, Grace George; Sylvia McCann, Louise Closser; Theodora Robbins, Selene Johnson; Mrs. Gormally, Mrs. Hone; Mrs. Mirabel, Annie Woods; Mrs. B. Jones, Mary Stuart; Miss Van Peek, Ruth Benson; Sister Angelica, Justine Cutting; Julia, Vivia Ogden; Raymond Gormally, Arthur Forrest; John Kent, Conway Tearle; The Duke of Gadsbrook, Joseph Coyne; Featherstone Wilkes, Henry Mills; Mr. B. Jones, Herbert Rollins; Young Man with 'Cello, Arthur Tennyson.

Pastor Wagner's plea for the simple life has affected at least one playwright Mr. Kellett Chalmers, whose "Abigail" presents Grace George in one of the most effective rôles she has had since joining the stellar ranks. For three acts it is a pretty, charming story of the experiences of a prim little Puritan from Massachusetts, who comes to New York to win her way as a bookkeeper. The ultimate jump into the realms of high society, with its familiar theatrical tricks, jars somewhat after the gracious simplicity of the scenes that have gone before. But it is the truth in the character drawing, the nice touches of everyday life, with their little comedies and tragedies that the piece secures its firm grasp on those in front. The atmosphere of the cheap boarding-house, with its varying types of Bohemian character, is carefully preserved, and Abigail's experiences there are handled with pleasing originality and skill. The broadening of her point of view and the dawn of her life's romance are accomplished with no little technical skill and the interest is well sustained throughout.

Mr. Chalmers, who is a brother of Haddon Chambers, is a deft student of female character, and is certain to make his further mark as a dramatic author. For genuine emotional feeling, few scenes this season have carried greater conviction than that in which the heroine accepts the man whose proposal was meant for another. The manner in which Miss George expressed her shame and confusion on the revelation of the truth, was really beautifully expressed. Her sudden accession to great wealth prevents the young man from later expressing the passion that has grown in him, but the end is happy and the declaration of love by telephone is an amusing incident.

Louise Closser gives a capital sketch of Sylvia McCann, the self-reliant, kind-hearted art student, and shares the histrionic honors with the star, who further receives excellent support from Selene Johnson as the vain, self-indulgent singer and model. Annie Woods, as the autocrat of the boarding house, Conway Tearle as the young lover, Henry Mills, as a cheerful young man about town, and Arthur Forrest in the somewhat conventional character of Abigail's cousin, give admirable verisimilitude to Mr. Chalmers' creations. To Joseph Coyne is set apart a paragraph for himself. His impersonation of the silly ass variety of the fortune-hunting Duke of Gadsbrook is an achievement of delicious humor, nor must Vivia Ogden be overlooked for her artistic character bit as Julia. The play is excellently mounted and the studio party is a picture of effective light, color and movement.

Our Players Caricatured—No. 2



DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER" AS SEEN BY FORNARO

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "Love and the Man." Play in five acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced February 20, with this cast:

Gerald Wagoneur, Forbes Robertson; Lord Gaudminster, Ian Robertson; Lord Brandmere, Leon Quartermaine; Robert Herridge, Frank Gillmore; The Hon. Julian Aubert, Ernest Cosham; Ivo Kilkey, Eric Maturin; Theo. Van Loys, Dalziel Heron; Doctor Mitchell, J. H. Beaumont; Worthington, Warburton Gamble; Lady Gaudminster, Kate Rorke; Miss Wagoneur, Madge McIntosh; Mrs. Wyndham Wimpole, H. M. Fraser; Maid, Dora Harker.

In recent English plays brought over by English actors we have had Members of Parliament presented to us, in farce as well as in serious comedy, until it is beginning to get weird. Forbes Robertson, whose resonant and melodious voice would be extremely serviceable in a debate on an Irish Land Bill or on a measure in regard to East India Supplies, permitted us to view, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, a Member of Parliament, Gerald Wagoneur, who is the leader of his party. He is about to make a speech that will sweep everything before it. He is a genius. He is morbid. He is tired of it all. He wants rest. He is all sorts of things. The truth of the matter is, he is in love with Lady Gaudminster. Lady Gaudminster is in love with him, too. But she has a red-headed paralytic husband, who sits in the way in an invalid chair. They do go off to a secluded grange, and are very happy, she very idyllic and he very industrious, with his coat off, planting tulips. Then arrives the messenger from the party in Parliament. He'll not go back. He'll not make that great speech. He'll not save the party. It is useless to tell him that he will ruin himself; he is happy. Finally, Kate Rorke (Lady Gaudminster), persuades him to return. Lady Gaudminster goes back to her home with Lord Gaudminster. Gerald cannot keep away from her. That speech is not yet made. Lord Gaudminster intends to ruin him by disclosing the scandal. That would also ruin the party. Gaudminster is wheeled on and seems to have matters in his own hands. His excitement increases, his malicious joy makes his pulse beat, and beat too fast, against the doctor's orders. One gasp and he is no more. The speech will be delivered and Gerald will marry the lady. It is almost incredible that any member of Parliament would let any love affair imperil his right to sit in Parliament with his head covered by a pot hat. No, it wont do—this play is too English for us.

Mr. Robertson did wisely in shelving the new play towards the end of his engagement and giving New York theatre-goers another opportunity of seeing his splendid "Hamlet," among his best achievements.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "When We Dead Awake." Dramatic epilogue in three acts, by Henrik Ibsen. Produced March 7, with this cast:

Professor Arnold Rubek, Frederick Lewis; Mrs. Maia Rubek, Dorothy Donnelly; Inspector at the Baths, James H. Lewis; Ulfheim, Frank Losee; Irene, Florence Kahn; A Sister of Mercy, Evelyn Wood.

This, Ibsen's latest play, which is announced as his final one, has been presented to us lately. The dignity, sincerity and power of the great Norwegian dramatist forbid levity, which could easily be employed, in its consideration. The play is called a Dramatic Epilogue. It is the expression of power and lofty philosophy by means of symbolism. Without discussing too closely the acting of it, it may be safely said that the play is better for reading than for acting. Symbolism, unless it is strictly confined to personification, thereby securing unity of impression, is opposed to every tendency and law of the drama. Judging merely by the production, the symbolism in this play is too complicated. An artist is at the seashore with his wife. They are not well mated, he of the spirit, she of the earth. She is eager to be at the hunt in the mountains. A forester infatuates her at once, and she secures permission to go with him. Then appears "A Strange Lady." She is all in white, followed by a robed figure, all in black. She had been the artist's model. It is not clear that she had really sinned, but she talks as one awakened from the dead. The second scene is on the mountain, the third at the top. On the peak the ways part; the earthly woman goes back again down the mountain with her guide; the woman in white and the artist are seen ascending higher still. The symbolism is incomplete. Florence Kahn, with her delightful elocution, made of the "Strange Lady" something too hard, unsympathetic and weird. Dorothy Donnelly was more at home in the natural exuberance of the sculptor's wife.

Miss Marion Draughn as one of the Gibson girls in "The Education of Mr. Pipp."

WALLACK'S. "Mademoiselle Marni." Comedy by Henri Dumay. Produced March 6, with this cast:

Baron De Saint Germain, Frederic De Belleville; Comte Raoul De Saverne, Henry Kolker; Gen. Stanislias Neuville, Frazer Coulter; Dennis Boisselot, Max Freeman; Prince Olivier de la Rockbarre, Frederic L. Teidan; Pierre de Montigny, Brandon Hurst; Van Duzer, Dore Davidson; Louis, Albert Inesnel; Herr Weismann, W. T. Simpson; Dr. Vernier, Walter Colligan; Channeroy, Thos. F. Fallon; Dominique, Charles Hayne; Krisha, Mohammet; Jules, James Barrows; Butler, W. P. Kitts; Henri Frochard, James Cooley; Orderly, C. P. Martin; Messenger, Ed. L. Clarke; Claire De St. Germain, Sylvia Lynden; Suzette, Topsey Siegrist; Madame Reval, Mrs. Maggie Breyer; Alice, Katharine Baker; Liane Salvador, Amy Lesser; Fabienne Marni, Amelia Bingham.

Let impatient dramatists take notice of the case of Mr. Henri Dumay, the author of "Mademoiselle Marni" and gain in heart. It was more than ten years ago, when he was a professor of French literature at the University in St. Louis, that he composed his play, which Amelia Bingham has only recently brought to the public attention. It is to be regretted that such unremitting devotion to his faith in his fledgling has not met with better recognition, for it must be confessed that his "modern society comedy-drama" hardly fills the bill. It has probably suffered many changes since it first left his hands and gives indubitable proof that the up-to-date editing to which it has been subjected has not improved it much. The title rôle was naturally a character that appealed to Miss Bingham. From beginning to end she is the dominating central figure, whether as the humanitarian who auctions off flowers at a studio fête for the benefit of a starving baby flower-girl, as the theatrical idol of the public, or as the frenzied financier who crushes her rival by the skill and daring of her prowess on the Bourse. At a glance this would seem to suggest unbounded opportunities, but so indirectly related are these varying scenes, so diffusely is the action projected, that the interest, instead of being cumulative, is only occasionally effective, and too frequently confusing, and flat. Comte Raoul de Saverne is engaged to the daughter of the Baron de Saint Germain, but becomes infatuated with Fabienne Marni. To separate them, the Baron, by his influence, has the Comte, who is a lieutenant in the army, assigned to the Niger expedition. In reprisal, Fabienne ruins the Baron on the Bourse, and declares that her motives are further actuated by a desire to avenge her mother's wrongs. She, Fabienne, is none other than the Baron's illegitimate daughter. This is the one strong scene in the play and is acted with becoming strength by Miss Bingham and Frederic de Belleville, who plays the Baron with his usual distinction and polish. Henry Kolker is earnest and manly as the Lieutenant, and Max Freeman as a grand opera buffoon who gives imitations from President Roosevelt down has an occasional moment that tells. The company is a very large one and the play is mounted with more prodigality than taste.

CRITERION THEATRE. "Nancy Stair." Drama in five acts by Paul Potter, founded upon the novel by Elinor Macartney Lane. Produced, March 15, with this cast:

Danvers MacGregor, Robert Loraine; the Duke of Borthwicke, Francis Carlyle; Lord Stair, Clarence Handysides; Robert Burns, T. Daniel Frawley; Hugh Pitcairn, Stanley Dark; Lord Carew, Frank Losee; Sir James McAdam, F. Owen Baxter; Tom Rankine, Stanley Hawkins; Will Nicol, Herbert Carr; Cosmo Dundas, Edward Foley; Sawney McGrath, R. R. Neill; Major Annendale, Earl Cooper; Capt. Westerhall, Edward Fielding; Isabel Erskine, Lucille Flavin; Lady Mucklewrath, Maude Granger; The Duchess of Gordon, Jessica Thompson; Miss Lowrie, Elsa Payne; Lucky Boyd, Margaret Fitzpatrick; Dame Dickinson, Eleanor Reed; Nancy Stair, Mary Mannering.

If Miss Elinor Macartney Lane hoped to excite public interest in her novel when she permitted "Nancy Stair" to be dramatized, she has probably realized by this time that the book could hardly have had a worse advertisement. After seeing what purports to be a dramatic version of the story, it is doubtful it the public will have any keen desire to read the original of so stupid a play. Is the fault Miss Lane's or Mr. Potter's? If there is good dramatic material in "Nancy Stair," it is strange that Paul Potter, who made his reputation as a playwright by dramatizing "Trilby," should have failed so signally with this book. Never, declare the admirers of the novel, was a story so hopelessly butchered—characters changed, motives altered, entire scenes cut out and alien ones substituted. All to what purpose? A hodge-podge, incomprehensible to all. The piece, as it stands, is a good specimen of

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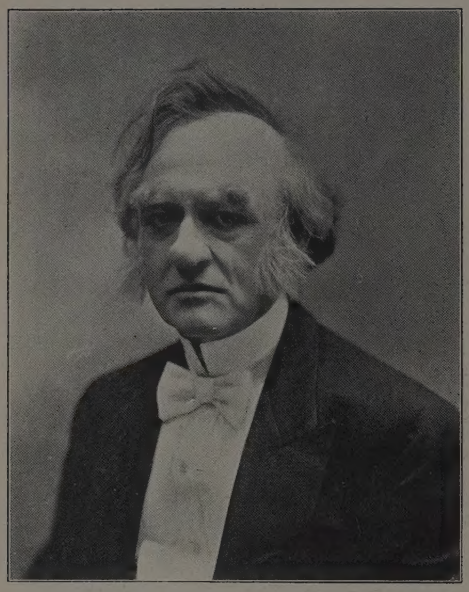
MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AND MR. BEN WEBSTER IN "THE PRINCE CONSORT" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

Miss Jeffreys, an English actress now paying her first visit to America, has made a most favorable impression in New York with her beauty and high-bred manner. By her first marriage Miss Jeffreys is the Hon. Mrs. Fred Curzon, sister-in-law of Earl Howe, who is Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra. His wife is a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, and an aunt, therefore, of the present Duke of Marlborough and of the Duke of Roxburgh. Miss Jeffreys herself comes from a very distinguished family. Her grandfather was Chambre Corcor, of Cor Castle, Innishannon, County Cork. Her father was Captain Jeffreys, of the British Army. She is considered one of the best woman four-in-hand whips and cross-country riders in England, and has frequently ridden to the hounds with Baron Rothschild. She has a mezzo-soprano voice and her theatre début was made on the operatic stage, appearing in such operas as "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Sentry," "La Cigale," "Mme. Favart," "The Gondoliers" and "Mme. Angot." Sir Charles Wyndham induced her to take up dramatic work, and made her a member of his company. She remained with him for two seasons, her first big success being in "The Bauble Shop." Subsequently, she became leading woman at Terry's, the Adelphi, Garrick and Court Theatres, and for the past three years has occupied the same position in the Haymarket Theatre Company. She has been leading woman, also, for George Alexander, John Hare and other prominent English stars. Mr. Webster, her leading man, was educated for the bar, but went on the stage with John Hare in 1887. He came to America with Irving in 1895, and has been identified with many important roles.



Digby Bell as Mr. Pipp

the hack-made drama. It contains every evidence of having been not hastily written, but literally thrown together. The marks of the scissors and paste pot are still upon it. There has been little attempt to tell a consecutive story, or if there was, it failed. At most the piece is a succession of tableaux in which the characters do pretty much as they like, on the spur of the moment. The heroine is quite impossible, her motives and actions wholly incomprehensible. Robert Burns, the poet, a minor character in the book, here is presented as an intolerable prig, holding the stage as he spouts his own poetry, and lads and lassies dance and sing apropos of nothing at all. No, "Nancy Stair" wont do.

Mary Mannering who has now returned to the stage after a temporary retirement, looked exceedingly pretty in the gowns of the period. As an actress, Miss Mannering has her limitations, but her charming ways never fail to please her audiences and at least a personal success is always assured her. Little need be said about the others in the very long cast. Francis Carlyle was stagy as the Duke and Robert Lorraine irritated in the rôle of an impossible Macgregor. Maude Granger made a hit as a comic dowager. Manager Frank McKee has given the play a much better setting than it deserved.

PRINCESS THEATRE. "Who Goes There?" Farce by H. A. Du Souchet. Produced February 26, with this cast:

Mrs. Hadley, Harriet Neville; Jabez Dobson, Wallace Hopper; Billy Simpson, C. Alexander Taylor; Jimmie Ryan, Chas. W. Speare; Julia Smedley, Gertrude Swiggett; Lieut. Chas. Upton, Hale Norcross; Lieut. Fred. Enright, Sidney Irving; Lieut. George Washington Newman, Walter E. Perkins; Grace Wilson, Florence Rockwell; Gertrude Stewart, Marion Ruckert; John Wilson, Thomas M. Hunter; William Barnaby, Edward Warren; Kate Dexter, Minnie Allen; Tom Wheeler, Edward Nicander.

The accustomed skill of the author was abundantly evident in this piece, and, at times, the points in the comical involutions came so rapidly that incessant laughter was evoked. The result proved, however, that the play had been thrown together too hastily and lacked the substance required of a farce by what is called "a Broadway audience." This implies that it will prosper better on the road. What is this terrible Broadway audience? It is quite indefinable. Is it analytical? No; for no audiences are. Possessed of moral sensibilities? Hardly. With a peculiarly acute sense of humor or sentiment? Go 'way. With superior intelligence? Not so. You can get an audience, with standing room only, to witness a truck driver extricate his fallen horse from the harness. It crowds to see Mrs. Langtry, in the heyday of the tittle tattle about her, in a stupid piece, wearing a hundred thousand dollar tiara of diamonds. It will fill the house to see Olga Nethersole slobber over her lover, in "Sapho," and be carried up a spiral stairway. It has been known to throng the playhouse to scrutinize through lorgnettes a display of feminine robes.

The trouble with a Broadway audience is that it has seen too much and knows too much. On the artistic side, it recognizes a weakness instantly, not knowing the Why. For example: "Toppy," Walter Perkins, is told by three girls in succession that he must pretend to be engaged to them (or married, it may be) and to put on a bold front. This requires certain business, which is repeated. This appeared to the Broadway audience too primitive. At other times, the characters did things capriciously which they were not compelled to do. All this showed haste in composition, but many scenes were exceedingly diverting, and "Toppy," Lieutenant George Washington Newman, will probably have the password on the road.

PRINCESS THEATRE. "The Trifler." Comedy in three acts, by Murray Carson and Nora Keith. Produced March 16, with this cast:

Count Friedel von Kuntz, Murray Carson; Cardinal Polna, Robert Forbes; Lieutenant Siegen, Herbert Sleath; Prince Maximilian, J. W. Mathews; Queen Elsa, Lottie Alter; Baroness von Bamberg Esme Beringer; A Servant, R. C. Gage; A Peasant, Bert Theodore.

Visiting English stars this season have not been over happy in their choice of histrionic mediums. Failure has succeeded failure time and again. This is particularly unfortunate where the player by his skill, intelligence and art could entertain so many if the play were not hopelessly bad. In England Murray Carson enjoys high distinction as an actor of grace and ability, and as a playwright of some considerable success; as witness his participation in the authorship of "Rosemary." His vocal début as a star was accomplished at the Princess in a comedy. which he wrote in collaboration with Miss Nora Keith, called "The Trifler." Whatever its deficiencies, and they were many, the piece had one enduring merit, that of brevity. But it was futile to review the comedy at any length. Some of the lines were bright, but the absolute want of logical exposition hopelessly clouded the story. As Mr. Carson is announced to play Meddle with Miss Ellis Jeffreys for the coming revival of "London Assurance," the present play's run is limited. Mr. Carson is a discreet and agreeable actor and in a better play would have made a more favorable impression. Miss Esme Beringer and Miss Lottie Alter were also conspicuously excellent.

Janet Beecher, one of the stately Gibson girls in "The Education of Mr. Pipp"

YORKVILLE THEATRE. "The Red Carnation." Melodrama in four acts, by Elizabeth Lee Shepard. Produced March 13, with this cast:

Jacques Du Bois, Will R. Walling; Andre Clavierere, Harry Leighton; Dixmer, Robert Cummings; Durathian, William Barwald; Gilberte Le Maitre, Milt Dawson; General Sauterre, James Cooper; Simon, Arthur Buchanan; Charles Bourbon, Edith Fabbrini; Baptiste, Harry Cowan; Widow Dyson, Angot, Effie Bond; Marie Antoinette, Marcella Forreste; Madame Plumiere, May Louise Aigen; Fanchette, Winifred Vorhees; Grabulet, Harriet Fernley; Floride, Irene Moore; Elizabeth Du Bois, Odette Tyler.

This piece, which got no nearer to Broadway than Lexington Avenue, proved to be out and out melodrama, and so clumsily constructed as to entirely destroy all dramatic illusion. The story, briefly stated, turns around a plot to save the Queen of France, who is in prison, awaiting execution by the revolutionists. Miss Odette Tyler, at one time a favorite ingenue in the metropolis, was seen in the principal feminine rôle, but had little opportunity to show of what excellent work she is capable.

Richard Mansfield is again in New York—at the New Amsterdam—appearing in the plays of his old repertoire, all of which are familiar to our theatregoers. One new play—Molière's comedy, "Le Misanthrope," is promised for the closing week of the engagement. Notwithstanding his many mannerisms, which appear to be growing more pronounced each year instead of less marked, Mr. Mansfield retains his strong hold on the paying public, which crowds to his performances with a spontaneity that must be a source of chagrin to other players who consider themselves equally popular. The reason for this is not, perhaps, so much that Mr. Mansfield is a great actor or a greater favorite than others, as that we have so few really good actors on our stage. Many so-called "stars" draw good houses, because their personality pleases and because they are well advertised, rather than because of their ability to act. No one could ever accuse Mansfield of being a matinee idol nor of condescending to the cheap tricks by which certain histrionic reputations are kept alive. But if he is not an Adonis, he can act, and he never subordinates the player to the individual. He creates original types, presents complete characterizations. He gives the dramatic illusion—a thing we see all too rarely. In a word, he is an artist, and the public (whom the Philistines declare knows nothing about art and cares less) go to see him just for that reason. If all our actors were equally expert, they would all be equally successful.

Walter E. Perkins in du Souchet's new farce "Who Goes There?"

Goethe's "Faust" is often performed in Japan, but adapted to the taste and patriotism of the Japanese. The heroine of the drama is always Marguerite, the seducer is always Faust, but Mephistopheles is always a modern European. It is plainly shown that it is the perversity of this Satanic being which fills the world with grief and calamity. But when Marguerite, abandoned by her lover, dishonored and guilty of infanticide, is dragged before the bar of justice, the judges have pity upon her, and for sole punishment make her swear that she will avoid forever all contact with the infamous Occident. She swears willingly, and she is then permitted to rehabilitate herself by marrying a Japanese warrior, who returns victorious from the plains of Manchuria.

The latest news of Sir Henry Irving is that this distinguished artist is rapidly recovering from the severe illness that caused him to cancel his Spring tour. It is expected that he will be well enough to carry out his projected season at Drury Lane Theatre, starting May 1st, but the Fall "very last farewell" tour of the United States has been postponed for another year.

Owing to a printer's error, the interesting article in our last issue, entitled "Edgar Poe and the American Drama," was attributed to the wrong author. It was written by Henry Tyrrell, who has been a valued contributor to this magazine ever since it was first started, and who is not only a graceful and expert writer, but an acknowledged authority on Pœana. A one-act original play by Mr. Tyrrell, entitled "Edgar Poe," was produced with considerable success a year or two ago, and quite recently he has again scored as one of the authors of "The System of Dr. Tarr," produced with success at the Berkeley Lyceum.

Mary Mannering as Nancy Stair — T. D. Frawley as Robert Burns — Lucille Flavin as Isabel

THE TRIAL SCENE IN "NANCY STAIR" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

Grand Canal and the Palazzo Labia, Venice

Where "the Merchant" Traded in Venice

Campanile Tower, built 888, destroyed 1902

THERE is little in the aspect of the Venice of to-day that need rudely shock, with suggestions of modernity, the dreamer, trying to people her narrow streets, her grand Piazza with the Merchant of Venice and his friends, if only he choose an hour when these streets and squares are deserted.

The modern Venetian has little in common with the dreamy, melancholy Antonio. One seeks Shakespeare's character in vain in the modern garb of one of these alert, keen-eyed business men, hurrying through the Merceria, or indulging in syrup and water over his daily paper, at one of the numerous little café tables. As for Shylock, his appearance now would excite no comment, no derisive remarks from Antonio's friends. No, indeed! They would greet him courteously, he would doubtless join them at their table and together they would discuss affairs of the Bourse amicably. The modern Shylock would inhabit some fine palace on the Grand Canal, distinguished from those of his Gentile neighbors only by being in a better state of repair.

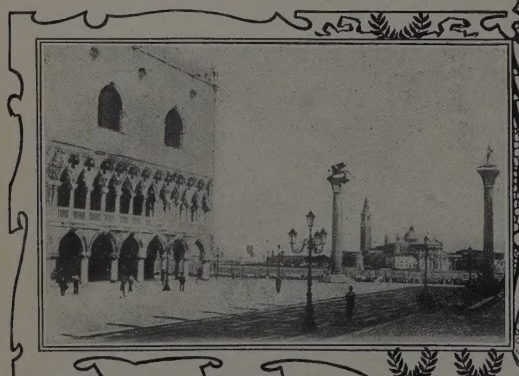
In the early afternoon of summer, when all Venice sleeps, save the crowds of enterprising tourists, ready to brave any degree of heat for sight-seeing, could he escape the sight of these latter, Antonio might feel quite at home in the narrow *calle*, or on the Piazza San Marco, though he would mourn his old friend the Campanile recently destroyed.

Portia might come from her country place at Belmont in a black gondola of the identical pattern of her own time, though she would doubtless resent the noisy, puffing little steamers hurrying up and down the Grand Canal, or out on excursions to the neighboring isles.

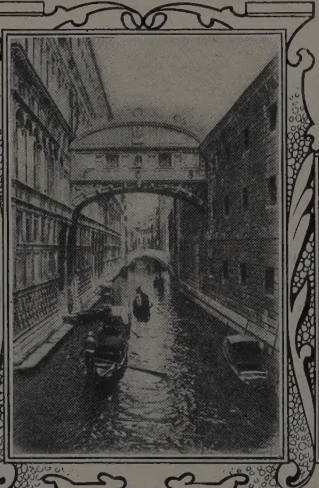
Near the Rialto, the business centre of activity, is an open place, close to the present Post-office, where Bassanio and Shylock may quite possibly have made the famous agreement of the bond. The Post-office, the ancient Fondaco dei Turchi, was then covered with the frescoes by Giorgione and Titian, which, painted in 1508, could hardly have lost much of their freshness, even in damp Venice. The present Rialto bridge was then a new structure, having recently replaced the old wooden one.

In the large illustration, on the left, in the foreground, is a part of the church of San Geremia, with the Palazzo Labia immediately back of it, marking the beginning of the Canale Ganaregio, on the right of which lies the old Ghetto, with the new Ghetto behind it. The tall, square buildings in the background, known as the "case nuove" (new houses) apparently for no reason except because they are very old, are in the Ghetto, and could not have been new in Shylock's time. Now they are propped and stayed to protect them from the ravages of time. In any one of the narrow streets beyond the bridge, blind old Gobbo may have asked of his son Launcelot the way to Shylock's home.

Across the Piazza San Marco, Shylock, desperate from the loss of his treacherous daughter, and the gibes of all Venice, save his own people, may have followed the gaoler, conducting Antonio to prison, while the artists of small renown, painting under the arches of the colonnades, as was the custom then, in the hopes of attracting patrons, glanced up in surprise at the threats and wild outcries of the frantic man, whom the dignity of his debtor only enraged the more. Under the arched doorway leading into the courtyard of the Doges' Palace,



The Piazza, San Marco



The Rialto Bridge

The Bridge of Sighs

with its Giants' Stairway, its beautiful old well, the hapless Antonio was respectfully conducted to his prison, either in the building still used for that purpose, on the other side of the Bridge of Sighs, or in that portion of the palace then used in addition. He was hardly taken across the famous Bridge. Such an indignity would surely be spared a man of his position, who had the sympathy of all his townsmen. In fact, his imprisonment may have been a mere form.

We have less foundation for our imagination when we try to lend form and substance to the scenes in Belmont. We are told merely that it was on the continent nearby but, lacking a definite locality, we may build our own residence for learned Portia, setting it at some distance from the high road, with, leading up to it, the avenue of trees where Jessica and Lorenzo vied with each other in naming fond lovers of olden times, as they strolled in the moonlight. The house, we may be sure, was lofty; its state rooms, including the Hall of the Caskets, were adorned wth frescoes, as the fashion of the day demanded in the homes of wealth, and we may choose our own artist from among the noted ones of Venice of that time. There was, of course, a terrace, looking down into a charming old Italian garden, through whose paths Portia and Bassanio must often have wandered, dwelling upon the minutest incidents of their courtship, to the accompaniment of softly splashing fountains, while Portia would relate the fate of other aspirants for her hand, when they braved the test of the caskets, possibly with a pitying sigh for their misfortune in the midst of her own happiness. Here, too, in this garden imagination may claim full sway, or we may choose as model for Portia's garden the very loveliest one seen in Italian journeys, and style it but an imitation of the Belmont original.

But one place where Portia moves in the drama may be designated with accuracy. The three rooms used as courts, called Quarantie, because the judges were forty in number, are in the palace of the Doges and, until very recently, were a part of the Library of San Marco. The pictures on these walls were there in the time of the learned young lawyer, and we may traverse the same stairs and passages leading to them, trying to people them with forms in the picturesque attire of those days, instead of the crowd of modern tourists, guide books in hand.

ELISE LATHROP.

Antoine's Plan Tried in America

FRANK KEENAN'S experiment at the Berkeley Lyceum with short plays aroused considerable interest. Theatrical entertainment on this plan has proved enormously successful abroad, especially in Paris, where it laid the fortunes of that now famous actor-manager, André Antoine. But success did not come to Antoine in a single season, nor in two seasons. He and those who believed in him toiled for a long time in obscurity before the reward came and, as nothing succeeds like success, in Paris as elsewhere, Antoine was soon deluged with excellent plays and besieged by talented players. That is the chief difficulty—securing the right dramatic material. The conventional curtain raiser has no chance in a scheme of this kind. If a triple bill is to draw, each play in that bill must be out of the ordinary. It may be either comic or tragic, but it must not be commonplace.

Frank Keenan, whose admirable Hon. John Grigsby will long linger in the theatre-goers' memory, is an uncommonly good actor, unconventional in method and with artistic ideals. He is also a clever stage director and is likely to get out of a play all there is in it. His first bill consisted of three one-act pieces, respectively: "At the Threshold," a play by Jackson D. Haag; "Strolling Players," an adaptation of Catulle Mendes' well-known "Femme de Tabarin;" and "The System of Dr. Tarr," an adaptation by Henry Tyrrell and Arthur Hornblow of Poe's weird madhouse story.

Mr. Haag's play met with distinct success, the author's bold treatment of a somewhat novel situation proving highly effective. A young wife, united to a man older than herself, seeks younger companionship. Just as she is about to elope, a burglar is preparing to break into the house. The stage represents the street porch of a New York mansion, and the rain is pouring in torrents—a striking tableau. The burglar is seen working with his dark lantern as the door opens and the guilty wife appears. Suddenly the burglar dashes forward and bids the lover throw up his hands. He thus compels them to re-enter the house, and there the burglar (aroused by the recollection of a similar wrong one day done him) reads the wife a salutary lesson in marital duty. The lover departs, crestfallen, and the recital by the burglar of his own misfortune brings out the fact that this eloping wife is his own long-lost daughter. Father and child, however, part instantly, she exacting a promise that he will never steal again. This finding of a daughter in the wife is the one fault in an otherwise admirable play. There was no necessity for the relation. It made the scene improbable and conventional. How much better to have had the burglar read his lesson in the name of universal justice. Mr. Keenan was very effective as the burglar, and Wright Kramer and Miss Langham did well in the respective roles of wife and lover.

André Antoine, founder of the famous Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, as he appeared recently in the rôle of King Lear

"Strolling Players," while it afforded an opportunity to show of what excellent emotional work Miss Grace Filkins is capable when she is given a rôle suited to her temperament, was not received favorably, and was soon withdrawn. Mr. Keenan appeared in this piece as a strolling mountebank who kills his wife in a fit af jealousy while they are acting on the stage, practically the story on which the opera "Il Pagliacci" is founded, but the part did not suit his personality and he did wisely in discontinuing the piece.

"The System of Dr. Tarr," a humorous treatment of Poe's story (a more gruesome version of which terrified Parisian audiences last season) scored an immediate success. Some of the critics deplored the fact that the misfortunes of the mentally afflicted should be made an occasion for mirth, but it was generally conceded that the laughter-compelling qualities of the piece far outweighed its objectionable features. The truth is that the audience was amused less by the queer actions of Dr. Tarr and his eccentric associates as by the panicky terror of the investigating Senator who is compelled to sup with the lunatics against his will. As Dr. Tarr, the leader of the lunatics, Mr. Keenan presented a masterly characterization, studied and complete in every little detail. The part will be remembered as among the best this actor has essayed. He had capital support from George Richards, who impersonated the visiting Senator with delightful unction and humor and from Wright Kramer, who scored a well deserved hit as the eccentric Professor Fether. Miss Fontaine filled with intelligence and ingenuous charm the rôle of Miss Salasette.

Later pieces presented by Mr. Keenan were "The Lady Across the Hall," a comedy by Julian Street, and "A Passion in the Suburbs," a tragedy by Algernon Boyeson.

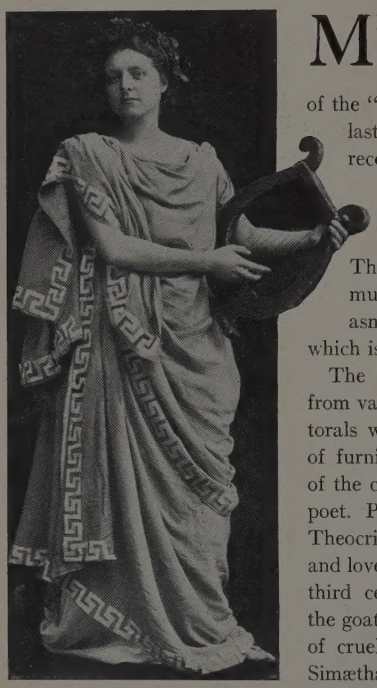
T. R. S.

MISS BARROWS IN TWO SCENES IN "THE FEAST OF ADONIS"

"Wilt thou for the muses' sake play me somewhat sweet on thy twin flutes; and I lifting the harp will begin to make music on the strings."

"The nymph of the farm stayed them, when very weary, under the parching summer, stretching out to them honey-sweet water in her hands."

The Idyls of Theocritus Staged in New York



MISS CONSTANCE MILLS
Composer of the incidental music

MISS MABEL HAY BARROWS will be remembered for her creditable production of the "Ajax" of Sophocles, presented last year. Encouraged by the reception given her in New York and Chicago, and at the University of California, she has recently staged eight Idyls of Theocritus, a venture showing much determination and enthusiasm, but lacking the unity of idea which is so essential to all drama.

The libretto used was compiled from various translations, and the pastorals were selected with the purpose of furnishing representative examples of the characteristics which stamp the poet. Practically all that is known of Theocritus is to be had from his poems; and love has scarcely changed since the third century before Christ. So that the goatherd who sings before the cave of cruel Amaryllis; the heartbroken Simætha, who tries to call her faithless lover back by means of the magic wheel; the sway of the reaper's body and the rise of his voice in song—all of these bring some appeal to the heart of a modern audience, though their fragmentary character cannot have lasting effect.

Only one piece, "The Feast of Adonis," stands out, because of the gossiping ladies of Syracuse, who now are to be found along Broadway. This is a flash of Theocritus in comedy vein, as local in his way as Augustus Thomas. Even the classic Greeks talked in the human manner. The wife, Praxinœ, thus criticizes her husband: "When I sent him to a shop to buy soap and rouge, [he] brought me home salt instead—stupid, great, big, interminable animal!"

Then we arrive at the modern drawing-room tone, when Praxinœ's friend, Gorgo, remarks: "You can't think how well that dress, made full, as you have got it, suits you. Tell me, how much did it cost? The dress by itself, I mean."

Edmund Clarence Stedman believes that without Theocritus, "it is doubtful whether modern English fancy would have been under the spell of that minstrelsy by which it is now (1871) so justly and delightfully enthralled. Theocritus was the creator of the fourth great order of poetry, the composite or idyllic, by which he bears the relation of Homer to epic, Pindar to lyric, Æschylus to dramatic verse."

This idyllic poet was a Syracusan; he was brought up under the shadow of Etna; he heard the songs of Sicily, and into his own verse there crept the peasant simplicity which made him responsive to human emotion. But though he saw in nature all the beauty of changing seasons, he likewise could draw from the crowded ways of Alexandria—at this time the centre of Greek activity—characters that are to-day familiar to us. It would seem that he woke the Greeks from the stupor of contemplation over what had already been done; he observed, created, and by consequence, in his Idyls, there is to be found a reflex of Greek life in many minute details.

As Wordsworth drew us away from the artificiality and the cold regularity of Pope and his school, so Theocritus, in Greek literature, breathed a warm stream of sympathy into his country's verse.

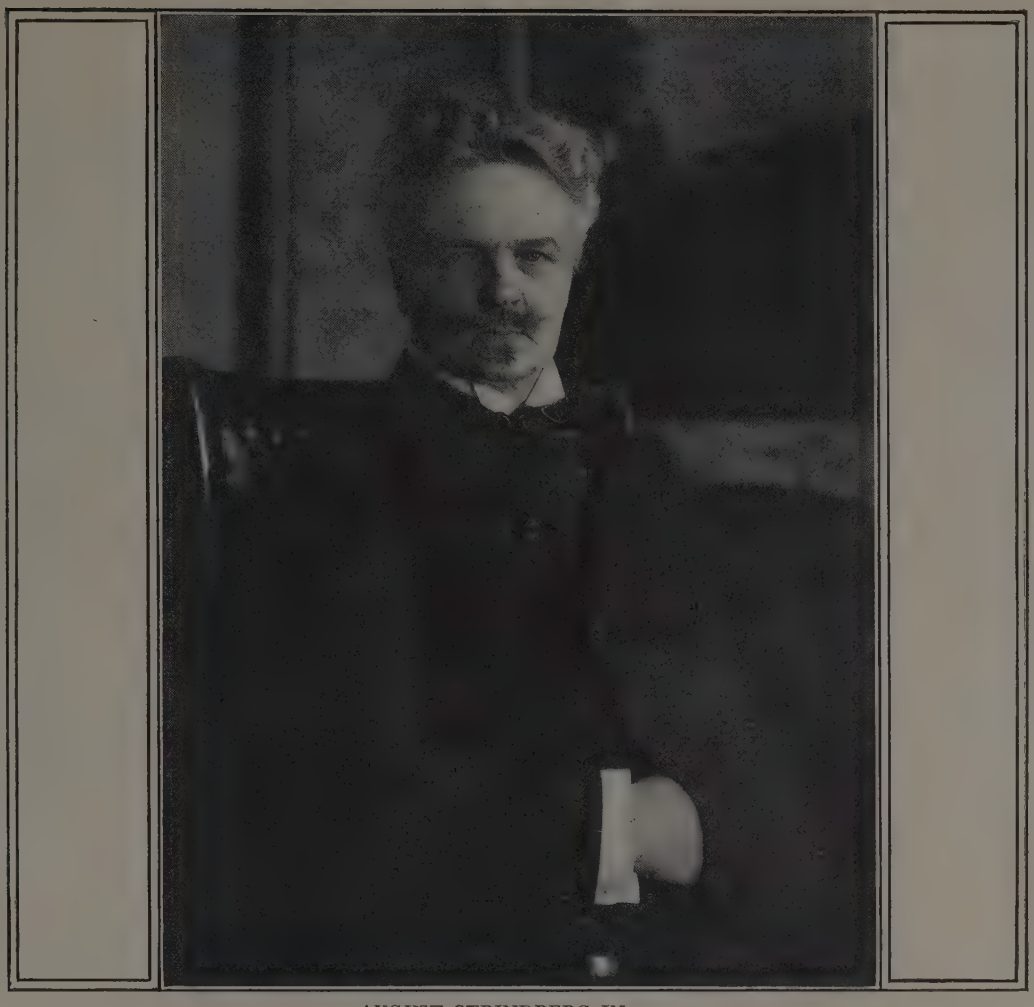
The full force of the feeling in Theocritus was not always taken advantage of by Miss Barrows; for instance, in Idyl II, "The Magic Wheel," called by J. A. Symonds, "Incantations," the moment when Simætha gives to the consuming flames the tassel from her lover's robe, then, as Symonds says, there should be a heart-burst of agony; for the maid's lover has forsaken her, and the magic wheel must either draw him back or fate must do the worst with him.

Taking this performance as a whole, it is doubtful whether the full meaning or spirit of Theocritus was understood. The dances were graceful, and they were taken apart from motive. "The Psalm of Adonis" was sung, but it did not carry the idea, so lucidly developed by Matthew Arnold in his essay on "Pagan and Medieval Religious Sentiment," that the world was being viewed according to the senses, "the outward, sensible side," wherein all is "pleasure-giving." The sacred dance, with the music by Willys Peck Kent, should not have been looked on as a mere symmetry of swaying body, to express emotion, but as movement depicting a state of mind.

Summing up Miss Barrow's attempt, it may be said that the costumes, based upon old paintings found at the Museum of Art, were effective; that the music, chiefly composed by Miss Constance Mills, was full of melody at times, though lacking somewhat in imaginative interpretation; and that the purpose and dignity of the effort in every way was deserving of intellectual support.

But such experiments will appeal only to a small percentage of our audiences; it is a species of entertainment to be studied or explained before it is enjoyed.

M. J. M.



AUGUST STRINDBERG IN 1904

August Strindberg and His Plays

By James Huneker

READERS of Bernard Shaw's plays may recall the name of August Strindberg, which occurs in one of the now famous prefaces. The Swedish poet is called by the Irish writer the only living Shakespearian dramatist and Mr. Shaw is not so far amiss—Strindberg is almost Elizabethan in his creation of character, his range, versatility, philosophic depth and poetic power. He has the gift of assembling and handling great masses of people and multifarious events. Those who know him principally by his one-act plays, intense and tragic as they are, cannot realize the epic sweep of the man's genius, as exemplified in his historic dramas and longer novels. Genius he is, an unhappy one, half mad at times, one who has modulated from rank atheism to the ecstasies of Swedenborg—Strindberg is a fellow countryman of the great Swedish mystic in more than one sense. And he is of the same spiritual kinship as the Bishop Esaias Tegner, the poet of the Swedish epic, "Frithjof."

To expatiate upon any of the phases of this extraordinary man would be impossible here. He has written more than forty volumes of historical dramas, comedies, plays, novels, poems, tales, autobiographies, studies in ethnography, botany, chemistry, philosophy—it is difficult to exhaust the list. This feverish activity in many widely separated fields has not resulted in the usual superficiality. The dramas are burning with vitality, the novels deal with current social questions, the experiments in chemistry were attended with success. Altogether, if that giant fabricator of romance, Balzac, had composed the life and adventures of Strindberg, they could not have been more thrilling and tragic than they have been on the plane of reality. He confesses, himself, that he went forth to search for God, only to find the devil. It is also significant that his favorite romance was Balzac's "Seraphita." Strindberg is very much unlike the great English dramatist in his deliberate preference for the morbid. His unhappy experiences and a flawed nervous system are to blame possibly for his pessimistic view of life. Half starved as a youth in Stockholm, nearly sent to jail for his first book, a theatrical super, apothecary's apprentice, wanderer and journalist, he, nevertheless, married a countess, a woman naturally much above him in social station, but only to encounter his genuine sorrow. The affair turned out badly. It is all set down in his "Confessions of a Fool." Nothing daunted, he tried a second time. More wretchedness, another separation; and there were children by both unions. His fame grew. He wrote furiously on all sorts of matters—politics, religion, the woman emancipation question. He assailed Ibsen by pen and speech, calling him an old sexton, a propagator of the equality madness. Such cerebral activity, coupled with careless methods of living, told against the health of this man of magnificent physique and rugged strength. The advanced women of Scandinavia warred against him—naturally, for he was the sworn foe of their sex. Probably a misogynist by temperament, Strindberg's unfortunate matrimonial experiences embittered still more his opinions of the modern woman.

HARRIET BOSSE-STRINDBERG
Wife of the dramatist
as she appeared in his play "Ostern'

He left Sweden after declaring that he would become a photographer to save his poetic talent—he swore that Ibsen caricatured him in "The Wild Duck," as Hjalmar Ekdal, the photographer husband of the inimitable Gina Ekdal. Obsessed by the persecutive madness, by the fears, realized more than once, of his own cerebral disorders, he reached Paris and was acclaimed a man of genius by those French admirers who knew his work. Several of the plays had been translated. "The Father"

extorted from the impassable Emile Zola a very complimentary letter, and for a few weeks the Swede was fêted and flattered. His personality, so winning, his handsome figure—he is a Viking, with blue gray eyes and blond hair—his magnetism and unquestionable intellectual power, attracted to him the choicer spirits of the French capital. But you may starve in Paris and yet be celebrated. Poor, too vain to ask favors, Strindberg drifted across the river and in the Latin quarter buried himself in cheap lodgings. Then, with an ardor literally maniacal, he pursued his chemical researches. At the Sorbonne he was tolerated as a visionary; yet he succeeded, as he proudly asserts, in demonstrating the presence of carbon in sulphur. He wrote a treatise, an introduction to a vast scheme of unitary chemistry. Naturally, scientific chemists turned their backs on this revolutionist. Sick, poverty ridden, overworked, he became the victim of auricular delusions. He heard noises in the air about him, voices summoning him to leap into abysses, into the Seine. He could not sleep at night because of strange knockings, strange smells. If a piano was played in his house, he straightway fancied it to be the signal of a Polish enemy that he was to be assassinated. No doubt drugs and absinthe had their share in evoking these horrors, as well as loneliness and starvation. It ended in a sanitarium, and after some years, after wrestling with the spirits of evil that are part of his nature, he emerged a victor from the combat. Curiously enough, he had never ceased writing, and the singular side of Strindberg's case is that his writing is more lucid than ever after one of his spiritual struggles. He has described them with a skill and a vraisemblance that Dante, Poe and De Maupassant would have envied, in his autobiographic novel, "Inferno," and others of the same group. There you may read them, these outpourings of a tremendously emotional temperament, the minute records of his mania, of his miseries, of his searchings after the truth. He certainly encountered more than one devil on his path toward the peak of Parnassus. Gorky, himself, has not written with more sincerity than Strindberg, of outcasts.

MARIE BOOTH RUSSELL
Now leading woman for Robert Mantell and appearing in Shakespearian repertoire

Strindberg returned to Sweden a few years ago, where his nerves, calmed by hard work, his fame augmenting, he saw his plays produced in Stockholm. He contracted a third marriage, short-lived in happiness, with Harriet Bosse, a favorite actress of his native city. This young woman, who is at least twenty years the junior of her husband, has been called the "Scandinavian Duse," though her methods and personality impressed me as being more similar to Agnes Sorma's. During the continuance of this union, Strindberg published some of his best work. Last fall, however, the pair agreed to sever their bonds, and once more the poet is alone, face to face with that solitary life he has so wonderfully depicted in his "Einsam," written after his return to the university town of Lund. The parting is said to have been amicable. Fru Strindberg-Bosse believes that she has a European career open to her. She had insisted on a clause in her contract with a leading Stockholm theatre, which freed her from appearing in plays by her husband—though she had won her early successes in "Easter," "Samum," "Fräulein Julie" and others, and allowed her to play Ibsen to her heart's content. Now, Strindberg abominates the dramas of Henrik Ibsen. Perhaps—!

I have refrained here from any attempt to analyze the Strindberg plays. More than one volume might be devoted to an exposition of the man's genius for the dramatic form. His German translator, Herr Emil Schering, who is simply devoting a life time in the propagation of Strindberg, has written many elucidatory pages in his translations. Therein we learn of the numerous reforms advocated by the Swedish playwright for the abolition of the conventional theatre. He would return to the Greek amphitheatrical auditorium, and employ two stages, one within the other, for the performance of his vast historic pageants. Shifting backgrounds, with a permanent foreground—the old Elizabethan "apron," slightly modified—has enabled him to make the rapid scenic changes demanded. All this on the purely technical side. For the drama itself, he has in his latest manner resorted to a dialogue free from superfluousness. I consider it a model of directness, speed and naturalness. Strindberg contends that the tense, emotional modern drama should not last over one hour and a half, and without any scene-shift. This concentration, in which each character is stripped to the soul and made to yield its heart secrets, we see at its best in "Fräulein Julie," which Agnes Sorma has played with such overwhelming success in Berlin. I missed this Silesian actress last October, for she had sprained her arm in a fall; but Frau Eysoldt assumed the rôle with admirable results. The play has been translated into English by Justin Huntly McCarthy, though I never saw it on an English stage. It is the very quintessence of the tragedy of two souls—those of a valet and his young mistress. She falls in love with the cold-blooded scoundrel and the notation of her disgrace and death is a memory to shudder over.

For me, Strindberg is clearest in the volume of eleven one-act plays called "Elf Ein Akter." There you gain a fair notion of his range, his expertness in dialogue, his profound, almost terrifying psychology, his wit, observation, humor, malice and poetry. The double drama,

From the "Tatler" Actresses taking tea during the waits

Where the men amuse themselves

THE MOST COMFORTABLE GREENROOM IN THE WORLD—LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON

"Death's Dance," is another remarkable study of an unhappy marriage —though not so depressing as "The Father," translated into English some years ago."

Strindberg has read Schopenhauer and Nietzsche to advantage—his plays are the crystallization of all that is "modern" in ideas artistic, ethical and social. He is born to the theatre; it holds no secrets from him. He wrote plays that anticipated Ibsen's "Doll's House," "The Master Builder" and "When We Dead Awake" ("Meister Olaf," 1872; "Das Geheimnis der Gilde," 1879–1880; and "Gläubiger," 1889). A little pantomimic one-act sketch of peculiar originality was performed here at the Empire Theatre one winter by the pupils of the Empire School of Acting. It is entitled "Die Stärkere."

Strindberg is now universally played on the continent. His gripping pathos and bitterness, his technical mastery, his command of character, have made him a unique figure among European dramatists. He can handle the lighter moods of comedy, and his touch is exquisite in such fairy-like pieces as "Die Kronbraut" and "Schwannweiss." In his "Dream Play" he exhibits a rare fantasy and invention. His historic drama, "Gustavus Wasa" has been recently produced in Berlin with much success. There are a half dozen of his pieces that could be profitably transferred to the English stage, though I fear his gloomy, tragic and fantastic genius would never be very welcome in our theatres.

Last summer Bernard Shaw sent me one of his breezy post-cards from Rosshire, to Bohemia, where I was then stopping. The following reference to the Swedish poet is interesting and very much G. B. S.

"Of Strindberg I have a high opinion, possibly because I have read very little of him—chiefly a story called "Memoir of a Madman," or something like that, but ought to have been called, "The Truth About my Confounded Wife."

This title might serve as an epigraph for many of the Strindberg novels and plays.

JAMES HUNEKER.

The New "Grand Old Woman" of the Stage

WHEN Mrs. G. H. Gilbert passed into the Great Mystery, the profession laid the flower of loving tribute upon her grave. The children of the stage were lonely without their Grandma Gilbert. Her beautiful memory will always be one of the venerations of their busy, varied lives.

It is upon Mrs. W. G. Jones, who is playing Nannie with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," that the mantle Mrs. Gilbert dropped has fallen. She is now in her seventy-sixth year and has been on the stage sixty-six years. Like Mrs. Gilbert, she is of English birth. Her father was a bandmaster in the British army. While stationed at the Bermudas, he tired of the service and made his escape with his family in a sail boat. They were picked up by an American steamer and brought to Philadelphia. The bandmaster, William Wagstaffe, became the leader of the orchestra at the Walnut Street Theatre, and it was there that his daughter made her juvenile début. It was in "The Gambler's Fate," and little Julia Wagstaffe was discovered sitting in front of a hut and crying "I'm hungry. Won't papa bring me some bread?"

MRS. W. G. JONES
Who has been on the stage sixty-six years

Between that début and her present excellent work as Nannie, Mrs. Jones has run the gamut of an extensive repertoire. She played with Junius Brutus Booth, John Wilkes Booth and Edwin Booth, with James and Fannie Wallack, with Charlotte Cushman, with Sol Smith, with Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter, with John Drew and Miss Adams. She has played walking ladies, ingenues and leads, and in these days of easy stardom, who knows but that she will one day become a star?

She has been the Nurse for many Juliets. When Mrs. James Brown Potter essayed Juliet, Mrs. Jones was the Nurse. A critic of that time said: "The only person in the entire cast who faithfully portrayed the character and properly read the lines was Mrs. W. G. Jones, whose impersonation of the Nurse was absolutely flawless. Considered from the standpoint of acting, Mrs. Jones was really the star of the cast." Another, at the time she played the Nurse to Maude Adams' Juliet, said: "She is the best Nurse in Shakespeare's great love drama in the world."

"I am glad the critics like my Nurse," is Mrs. Jones comment on her honors. "It differs from the others in two respects at least. She is usually played as a crotchety old person. Now, I don't think she was given to tantrums, except very mild ones with her charge, Juliet, whom she had cared for since she was a babe. Then I believe that the Nurse was a dignified woman. She could not have been a common, scolding servant, or she would not have been in the employ of the Capulets. I play the Nurse on those lines."

The conditions of half a century ago were no sinecure. It was the custom to put on two or three plays an evening. "Rehearsals went through with a rush," said Mrs. Jones. "A company of which I was a member put on 'East Lynne' after two rehearsals.

"In those days it did not matter whether a person was adapted to the part or not. He played it anyway. The standard is higher now. This is the day of specialties, and it is well. The salaries paid then were not what they are to-day. My husband and I together earned forty dollars a week. My share was fifteen. It was a good salary at that time.

"But the standard of morality was higher among players then than now. We were too busy to run about seeking pleasure. Marriage was held in greater esteem. Professional reasons never separated husband and wife. Bad women might get into the company, but they could not stay."

This old lady of the stage is plump and fair-faced and looks a quarter of a century less than her years. Her face is dimpled and pink and smiling. The brown still dominates the silver in her hair. Her bright blue eyes look kindly upon a world that has lost none of its interest for her. We are prone to associate womanly sweetness and sympathy and cheerfulness with the "sequestered shades" of what is known as home life. But a half hour with this woman, who has faced much of the storm and stress of life alone, forced it in the white glare of public life, is like a benediction.

A. P.

Stage History of Famous Plays

No. 1, "ROMEO AND JULIET"

Sands & Brady
E. H. SOTHERN AS ROMEO

A FAMOUS play for our purpose is one that has held the stage despite the varying change of time and place, because of its universal appeal and the excellence of its treatment. Over three hundred years have passed since Shakespeare, as author, manager and actor, shaped his plays for presentation; yet, though we of to-day are far from being Elizabethans, there is a humanity in the comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare, that is part of our existence. And, by very right of their being famous plays, a stage history must needs trace their persistence through varying change of external life.

The first performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was given by Richard Burbage in 1596; the last performance of any scope was the Marlowe-Sothern production of 1904; between these two stretches the world of Romeos and of Juliets—of countless players who have given their ideas of the tragic lovers to varied audiences.

Around 1596 there were no actresses to take the rôle of Capulet's daughter; apprentice boys, with clear-cut features, simulated feminine ways; such a Juliet played to Burbage's Romeo. Even as late as 1660, women were rarely seen on the stage. Was not King Charles II. at one time kept waiting because the heroine of a play was busy shaving?

It is commonly believed that the first female Juliet was Miss Saunderson (1662), afterwards wife of the famous actor, Thomas Betterton. As early as 1592 we hear of contrary opinions concerning the morality of such an innovation; it was a relief, thought one, not to find English players "as the players beyond sea, having common curtizans to play women's parts." "It was sinful," said another, quoting Deuteronomy xxii, 5, "to have men acting women's rôles. Yea, abominable unto Christians." The famous gossip, Sir Samuel Pepys, notes in his diary on January 3, 1661, that he witnessed "Beggar's Bush," "it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

Other material improvements, worthy of mention, as showing the gradual evolution of our modern theatre, were made about this time. The customary announcement, at the close of the play, of a change of bill, was further strengthened by the use of placards upon which the new drama was advertised. The scenery likewise grew from the mere sign, reading "This is Juliet's tomb," into more substantial pictures. A record of 1605 thus describes a festival to King James: "The stage was built close to the upper end of the hall, as it seemed at first sight, but indeed it was a false wall faire painted, and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, with the help of other painted clothes, their stage did vary three times in the acting of one tragedy." Dryden states that in March, 1699, he recollects having seen for the first time the name of the author printed upon the play bill. "The Double Dealer" was announced as being "written by Mr. Congreve."

With the advent of James Howard, who was Dryden's brother-in-law, began that mutilation of Shakespearian text so common to the stage until recent times. Howard made the story end happily, and mentioned Count Paris's wife, distorting the whole as humorously as did Zorilla in "Los Bandos de Verona," where Romeo's sister and a villain, Andrés Capelete, disport themselves melodramatically. Theophilus Cibber, also, when he played Romeo (1744) to the Juliet of Jenny Cibber, who was granddaughter of the poet-laureate, made his own transpositions. But it was Garrick's prompt book that did the most mischief, transplanting Shakespeare in mutilated form to the boards (1750). He wished to "clear the original as much as possible from the jingle and quibble which were always the objections to the reviving of it." He rummaged among the sources and found reasons for a happy end; he took suggestions from Otway and Congreve, who had also shifted Shakespearian ideas to suit themselves; he obliterated the mention of Romeo's former love for Rosaline; in most unpoetical language, he made scenes and builded strangely. Although to-day we find it necessary to shift situations so as to make the plays practicable, from the stage standpoint, yet we are even more wary about alterations than Augustin Daly, who never altered the spirit of a play, yet often called down upon him criticism because of his many changes. Charlotte Cushman, Mary Anderson and Sir Henry Irving may be mentioned as crusading against the Garrick version.

Garrick's first attempt* with "Romeo and Juliet" was to present in 1748, at Drury Lane, Barry and Mrs. Cibber in the leading rôles. This was so successful as to lead to the famous quarrels of 1750–51, when Garrick matched forces with Barry in an opposing production; it was Drury Lane versus Covent Garden; Garrick and Miss Bellamy versus Barry, Mrs. Cibber and

Sarony
KYRLE BELLEW AS ROMEO

MARY ANDERSON AS JULIET

* Garrick (1760-61) is recorded to have played "Mercutio." In 1756 Miss Pritchard was the "Juliet" to his "Romeo."

Sands & Brady
JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET

Macklin as Mercutio. The glove of defiance was cast on September 28, 1750. "Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo" sighed Juliet to Garrick, and a sailor in the gallery leaned over the rail to give his reason: "Because Barry plays the part at the other house, to be sure."

The whole affair somewhat foreshadowed the Kean-Booth controversy which was to involve the same houses later on. Cutting epigrams were written, and opinions took sides. One lady thus gives her views: "Had I been Juliet to Garrick's Romeo, so impassioned was he that I should have expected he would come up to me. But had Barry been my lover, so seductive was he that I should certainly have jumped down to him." We may safely give Barry the palm; even Garrick finally succumbed.

At the age of thirty-four, it is said that the lines of Sarah Siddons' face were too marked for her to play Juliet, yet Garrick booked her for the part. We read of her "perfect utterance," her "genuine playfulness," her "awful tragic force," but the criticisms are reserved in enthusiasm. Dora Jordan, Siddon's contemporary, also played Juliet.

On December 10, 1776, Garrick sat in the pit of Drury Lane to witness the performance of Mrs. "Perdita" Robinson, who was considered by many to be a graceful poet. She herself describes one of those countless stage frights, that always demand our sympathy; to her, the audience faded into nothing, for the eyes of Garrick were upon her and that was enough.

John Kemble, brother of Siddons, appeared at one time as the Montagu lover, but the following couplet will rank him sufficiently:

"John Kemble, see in all the parts you will
Lear, Romeo, Richard, 'tis John Kemble still."

As for Edmund Kean's performance, opinions differ. Some say he was unsympathetic, but Hazlitt, who always commands attention, though often his enthusiasm and fine writing blind us, thinks his "frantic grief" revealed the finest acting ever on the stage, and that "he treads close indeed upon the genius of his author." Yet Hazlitt condemn's Romeo's scene preceding the drinking of the poison.

The relations of the Kemble family with "Romeo and Juliet" were continued in Charles, who made a commendable lover, although his daughter, Fanny, in 1832, records her regret that she has to play with such an actor. It was on October 5, 1829, that this Juliet made her debut at Covent Garden; stage fright nearly overwhelmed her, despite the Peter's encouraging remarks about the audience, "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble, never mind 'em; don't think of 'em any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages." But she finally gained self-possession, and entered into the spirit of the rôle to such a degree that "the passion I was uttering sent hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it." Miss Kemble was particularly sensitive; her moods came in quick succession. "How I do loathe the stage!" she exclaimed at one time. "To act Romeo and Juliet! Horror! Horror!" When, around 1811, W. C. Macready played, he, too, was seized with a similar overpowering mist of stage fright.

Sarony
ELEANOR ROBSON AS JULIET

Charlotte Cushman's appearance as Romeo, to her sister's Juliet, took place at the London Haymarket Theatre on December 30, 1845. Impressions recall the passion, "real, palpably real," the "genuine heart storm," and all the power and feeling to "woo Juliet as she, herself, would be wooed." Miss Cushman's temperament commanded; there was decision in her very presence. She stopped a performance in Boston, *circa* 1850, until a man had been removed from the andience because of misconduct. She was quick to discern merit and almost peremptory in her advice. "My child," she once said to Mary Anderson, "you have all the attributes that go to make a fine actress; too much force and power at present, but do not let that trouble you. Better have too much to prune down than a little to build up."

Miss Anderson's Juliet was greater in its tragic notes than in its lighter lyrical strains; there was a mature tone based on the idea that Juliet, "from the moment she loves Romeo . . . becomes . . . a woman capable of heroic action in all that concerns her love." The debut was made in Louisville November 27, 1875. From the beginning Miss Anderson starred and her Memoirs relate many anecdotes of humorous situations that took place while playing "Romeo and Juliet;" now she had to dispatch herself with a hairpin, since Romeo had forgotten his dagger; again, "The inconstant moon" was held by a negro boy, perched upon a ladder, the orb being the headlight of an engine.

Stage history often contrasts the Juliets of Adelaide Neilson and Modjeska. The former, writes Clement Scott, "understood the agony of fear," and William Winter adds in a characteristically poetic manner, "Golden fire in a porcelain vase would not be more luminous than was the soul of that actress as it shone through her ideal of Juliet." This girlish tragic note, so surrounded by romance, was still more tragic, though not as appealing with Modjeska. Her actions were

Sarony
MAUDE ADAMS AS JULIET

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET

direct, her cries significant, her movements full of terror. Her accents hardly detracted from her impressiveness.

To-day there are but three Juliets who stand out from the many: Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams and Eleanor Robson. In each, there was shown more tender sadness than compelling passion. Miss Marlowe's interpretation alone contained the spark of "divine fire." The corresponding Romeos were Sothern, Faversham and Bellew: the one too melancholy, the other too stilted, and the last too flowery.

As there was much discussion in the beginning as to whether women should play the part of Juliet, so has there been much talk about women playing Romeo, yet in the stage history of this piece, we meet with many odd combinations,* such as a mother playing Romeo to the Juliet of her daughter, sisters playing vis-a-vis, and in America, on January 11, 1762, when Mr. Hallam was cast as Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Douglas, the historian, Ireland, writes, concerning the production: "On several occasions hereafter we find a father playing Romeo to the Juliet of his daughter, but we believe this is the only one on record where a mother plays Juliet to the Romeo of her son." It was Mrs. Hallam (1754) who was the first to play Juliet in America.*

MISS HELENA FREDERICK

Young American soprano who has sung with much success in Germany. Miss Frederick was seen recently with Mme. Schumann-Heink. She is now appearing in "The Tenderfoot"

We have mentioned how, at different times, the Shakespearian text was altered. The many performances record likewise special features, that were more ornamental than vital. Barry, during the fight with Garrick, advertised that "an additional scene will be introduced, representing the funeral procession of Juliet . . . with an occasional prologue . . . to begin exactly at six o'clock." At another time, during the masquerade scene, a comic dance was introduced, and still more incongruous was a patriotic song, which graced a production in 1846. Rossi, while playing Romeo in 1876, adhered to the Garrick version, but added some effective stage business, where Juliet walks in a trance from the tomb, followed by her bewildered lover, who dies as he clasps her in his arms.

It is impossible here to reproduce the long list of Romeos and Juliets which the present writer has compiled from various sources. Here are a few of the most famous. The dates given are not those of "first appearances" necessarily, and the names are only of those Juliets and Romeos who played in America prior to 1889:

(1754) Mrs. Hallam, Mr. Rigby; (1768) Miss Cheer, Mr. Hallam; (1791) Mrs. Henry, Mr. Hallam; (1796) Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Hodgkinson; (1797) Mrs. Merry, Mr. Moreton; (1798) Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Cooper; (1816) Mary Barnes; (1827) Mrs. Thomas Barry; (1832) Fanny Kemble; (1833) Alexina Fisher; (1834) Lydia Phillips; (1836) Miss Grove; (1841) Mrs. Seymour; (1846) Mrs. W. H. Crisp; (1848) Fanny Wallack, Mr. J. R. Anderson; (1850) Romeo, Miss Cushman; (1849) Jean D. Davenport; (1850) Mrs. J. W. Wallack; (1851) Virginia Whiting; (1852) Miss Anderson; (1853) Matilda Heron; (1854) Miss Woodward; (1854) Mrs. Hamblin; (1854) Julia Deane; (1856) Mrs. E. L. Davenport; (1857) Susan Denin; (1857) Mrs. Hoey; (1857) Mrs. McMahon; (1859) Miss Davenport; (1860) Mrs. W. G. Jones; (1861) Mrs. D. P. Bowers; (1864) Avonia Jones; (1866) Ida Vernon; (1867) Mlle. M. A. Hauck; (1869) Agnes Ethel; (1869) Mrs. Scott-Siddons; (1869) Mary McVicker, Edwin Booth; he opened Booth's Theatre with the play; the rôle of Romeo was never considered his great part. (1875) Adelaide Neilson; (1874) Joseph Wheelock; (1877) Eben Plympton; (1877) Anne Boyle. Walter Treville; (1877) Sara Jewett, George Rignold; (1878) Avonia Fairbanks; (1877) Fanny Davenport, John E. McCullough; (1877) Mrs. Slaughter; (1878) Rose Kean; (1879) Adelina Gasparini; (1880) Helen Ottolengui; (1880) Ada Cavendish; (1881) Louise Muldener, Rossi; (1881) Emma Abbott Opera Company; (1883) Mary Anderson, Robert Downing; (1883) Mme. Modjeska, Maurice Barrymore; (1885) Kathryn Kidder, Frank Mayo; (1886) Margaret Mather, Frederick Paulding; (1888) Julia Marlowe, Robert Taber.

Throughout this short survey, we find that Shakespeare's Juliet is still his own. The history of the stage performances of this great tragedy is the history of tremendous art efforts, to reflect the life so warmly, luxuriantly, humanely existent in the poet's mind. Shakespeare remains the same, and the actor who becomes the great Romeo, the actress who becomes the great Juliet, is the one who is most faithful to the poet's conception.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

* There are many female Romeos known to the stage: Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Charlotte Cushman, Susan Denin, Mrs. John Drew (1846), Mrs. Thomas Hamblin, Mrs. Henry Lewis (1835), Mme. Ponisi, Mrs. Coleman Pope, Mrs. Shaw (1840), Mrs. Wm. Lefton, Caroline Viet, Mrs. James W. Wallack (1854), and Ann Duff Waring, etc.

Miss Harned

SCENE IN VIRGINIA HARNED'S NEW PLAY "THE LADY SHORE" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

Photos White

The Wife (Miss Langham) — "AT THE THRESHOLD" — The Burglar (Frank Keenan) — The Seducer (Mr. Kramer)

Telemira (Miss Elkins) — The Princess (Mrs. Oakes) — "STROLLING PLAYERS" — Tabarin (Mr. Keenan) — The Sergeant (Mr. Hart) — Francesquine (Grace Filkins)

Miss Salasette (Miss Fontaine) — Dr. Tarr (Mr. Keenan) — "THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR" — Senator Ponsonby (Mr. Richards) — Prof. Fether (Mr. Kramer) — Dr. Griswold (Mr. Mason)

Frank Keenan seen in a Triple Bill at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, New York

Taken for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE by Byron

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS MANN IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME NEAR RIVERSIDE DRIVE

A Talk with Louis Mann—Obligato by Clara Lipman

(Chats with Players No. 37)

"A SUCCESS is horrible!"

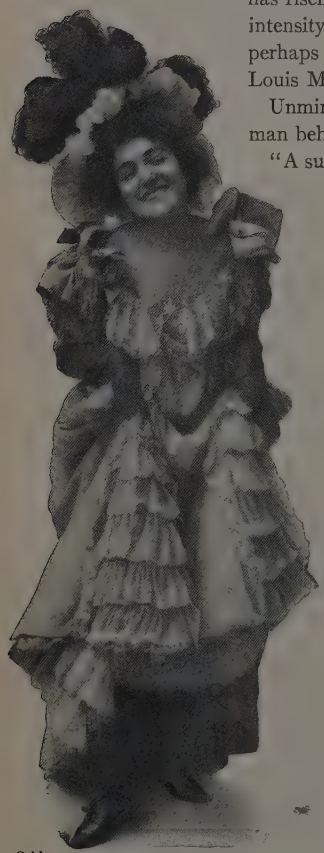
Louis Mann stood with his back to the blaze of the gas logs and his eloquent hands behind him. His hands are perhaps the choicest part of his physical equipment, as an actor. Long and lean, with nervous, tapering fingers, they denote the artist, the man keenly and sensitively alive, with an infinite capacity for suffering. The hint of the hands is repeated in the lines from nose to lips, etched in his olive skin. A man acquainted with the heights and depths of human feeling, who has risen to one and fallen to the other with an intensity that would awaken the wonder and perhaps excite the sneers of the half-alives, is Louis Mann.

Unmindful of or indifferent to such reading of the man behind the actor, he repeated his paradox:

"A success is horrible!"

He bethought himself to explain.

"I mean, we will say, in the last half of the season. It means playing over and over, again and again, a part of which a man is deadly tired. It is like painting a picture in one tint of gray. It is like striking the same key continuously on the piano until one cries out with the torture of it. It is a monotone."



Schloss

CLARA LIPMAN
In "The Girl from Paris"

She who is known to theatre-goers as Clara Lipman, and in private life is Mrs. Louis Mann, had entered the room smilingly and caught the last words.

"American actors are criticised because they do not grow," she said. "That is the reason they do not grow. They have to play one part continuously, for several seasons, if it is a success. That is what Mr. Mann means by, "A success is horrible!"

"I like my home better than anything else in the world," said the star of "The Second Fiddle," plaintively, his nervous fingers lacing and unlacing their lean, white length, in the glow of the logs. "I had rather sit here by the fire with a book, while my wife plays Grieg or Gounod or Chopin, than hear all the applause that has fallen on the ears of all the actors in the world."

Mrs. Mann smiled. Her smile has been called the most beautiful on the stage, perhaps because the eyes and lips both smile, in unison and in proper proportion, and because her teeth are so exquisite and have been so praised in prose and verse, that she is tired of dental allusions, and is a bit cynical about the relation of dentistry to art.

"He likes home," she said, "But I think after awhile he misses the comforts of a hotel. It has been hard to keep the house warm during the cold weather, and I believe he misses the steam heat of a hotel office, though he hasn't admitted it."

They laughed about their polyglot household housed so handsomely at 310 West 101st Street. A Japanese butler receives the visitor and leads him through the reception room, handsome in its furnishings of teak and inlaid woods, to the drawing-room in green. A French maid tells you that Madame will be in soon. Madame is heard softly instructing the cook, who responds in unmistakable Irish. From aloft comes the voice of the housemaid dusting the furniture of the master's bedchamber and singing a Polish-Hungarian *chanson.*

"It is a large house and my friends wonder why I keep it up when Mr. Mann is travelling," said the chatelaine, "but I have a theory that one must have a home as a growing place. I am working out some plans for plays and I need to be in our own atmosphere."

The most beautiful smile on the stage was again manifest when Mrs. Mann was asked how she dealt with the servant question. It was Mr. Mann who answered:

"She speaks all their languages and that makes them feel at home. My wife is a fine linguist. She speaks nine different tongues." Mrs. Mann pouted a little at this praise, as she did when her husband said she had more ideas than any playwright he knew, as she did again when he said she writes well.

"Don't," she pleaded in a tone of defense. She said "don't" again when her husband praised her house ruling, and when some one dared to allude to her beauty. If modesty is unknown in the profession, as its critics have dared to assert, Clara Lipman is unique. But there was no dissent when her husband described her other method of keeping her servants.

"It is true," she said. We have a rehearsal room on the third floor, and when the servants are discontented and I am afraid they may leave me, I

take them to the rehearsal room and entertain them. I sing and dance and recite for them, and they always go back to their work in a perfectly good humor." This is a remedy others might try with their help.

Mr. Mann's hands were quite warm now and we left the gas-logs and the olive drawing-room and the interview proceeded in the dining-room under the wakening influence of a ruby liquid from a silver and cut glass decanter.

"This is my favorite room," said the actor. "Not because of its association with the cheering things of the table alone, I am sure, for the walls of dull old rose, the table and sideboard and chairs of oak, the sparkle of glass and the gleam of silver, made of it a spot where care might be dropped as a discarded garment.

There we talked of struggles and rewards. Mr. Mann read his favorite poem, from the collection of verses by Ernest Lacy, "The Mountain Climber," and logically we drifted from consideration of "The Mountain Climber," remindful of W. E. Henley's "Invictus," and the beautiful soul-firing lines

"I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul."

to the battles for success of this gifted and now prosperous pair.

Schloss

MRS. LOUIS MANN

There was good soldier material in the twain, transmitted by courageous ancestors who were on the staff of Napoleon. Officer Hecht was a loyal follower and valuable aid to the Great Adventurer, and a forebear of the actor. Brave Berka, his friend, who served on the same staff, was ancestor of the actor's wife. The fighting blood in their veins and the undying spark of courage in their souls, transmitted by these Alsatian soldiers, served Louis Mann and Clara Lipman well.

They made Clara Lipman smile and raise to the world a steady chin when her first part, originally an opulent one with Hubert Wilkes in "The Rat Catcher," faded into the one pert line, "Well, I'll go and tell the neighbors all about it." She was fifteen then, and the gradual reduction of the part incident to the minimizing of half a dozen other rôles in the piece, was a semi-tragedy, but one at which the descendant of Berka smiled.

Louis Mann had begun his career more auspiciously years before, at the fashionable Stadt Theatre, on the Bowery, when that house was the principal theatre on the now sadly degenerate street. Master Louis Mann was at the proud age of three and a half years and ready to graduate into boots when he appeared in a series of Grimm's fairy tales. Greatness, even then, had its penalties, for the young actor was invariably met at the stage door after the performance by stout matrons, who insisted upon encouraging his talents with kisses. From the Stadt Theatre on the Bowery in New York and from a pleasant home on the north side in Chicago, the boy and girl set forth by different paths that would eventually cross and become one. The paths met when the youthful actor and actress met in the cast of "Incognito." Miss Lipman scored in a laughing bit. Mr. Mann, already well on his way as a character actor of high rank, heard the laughter and smiled. He was not addicted to smiling in those days, being weighed down with Teutonic gravity and immense ambition, but the laughter won him as it won the audiences, and before the season was over he was making a proposal of marriage in tragic earnest to the laughing girl.

Her answer had no laughter in it. "She told me she'd marry me if I'd make good," said Mr. Mann, "and I set about it. We went out the next season in a piece written for her, 'The Laughing Girl.'"

Here Mr. and Mrs. Mann paused in their reminiscences and looked at each other with grave eyes. The curtain had risen upon a dark scene. "We had all faith in ourselves and in the play when we started," said Mr. Mann.

"How hard we tried to make it go," sighed Mrs. Mann. "We took the play to San Francisco. That long jump is a heavy drain on the revenue of any company, and we were young and poor. It was a terrible ordeal.

"We made every sacrifice to finish the season. We thought we would be disgraced and ruined if 'closed' were published after 'The Laughing Girl.' We were young and ignorant and intense. Now we would know better."

"But we finished the season," said Mr. Mann.

"We did," said Mrs. Mann. "But we had heartbreaks all along the road. People did not like the play. Louis was anxious to know what they thought of it, and he would slip into barrooms with his hat drawn

Sarony — In "The Red Kloof" — In "The Second Fiddle" — In "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" — In "The Telephone Girl" — Schloss

LOUIS MANN IN FOUR OF HIS SUCCESSFUL CHARACTERIZATIONS

MISS MAY BUCKLEY
Now in support of Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King"

down over his forehead, so that he would not be recognized and listen to the comments. They were anything else than reassuring. It would have been better had he not heard them. He came back to the hotel the image of desolation."

"I did my best acting on that tour," said he. "I have stood with perspiration dripping from my forehead, while I argued with railroad officials, showing them that if they didn't send the company on to the next stand 'on their trunks' we would forfeit our date and everything would be lost. Often it would be only twenty minutes of train time and the official was sullen. Even when the whistle sounded from the approaching train, the matter hadn't been settled, but we usually got off."

"And we tried to keep the company from knowing," murmured Miss Lipman. "The worst crisis was at Columbus, Ohio. Do you remember that, Louis?" Her husband drew a tragic hand across his brow by way of answer. "It was eleven o'clock, and the train left at twelve," he groaned, "and someone attached our trunks. I had to go to the house of the lawyer who had made the attachment. He was giving a coming-out reception to his daughter, and sent a sharp message, saying that he did not want to be interrupted at that time. He would see me next day. I sent word to him that 'it was a matter of life and death.' I got a release of the attachment and then I had to go to the home of the president of the railroad company to get his order to let us take the train for New York."

"You had to ride twice across the city. The street cars were not running regularly and when you got to the station the train had gone," Miss Lipman gently prompted.

"We had to stay until next morning and I had only a dollar and thirty-five cents."

"But you told the lodging-house man about our straits and he let you have three fifty-cent rooms at thirty-five cents. And don't you remember he looked sharply at you and said, 'You look as though something was wrong,' and he pushed a bowl of crackers across the counter and said, 'Help yourselves!' We hadn't eaten for sixteen hours and nothing has ever tasted quite so good as those crackers."

"After that we did rest in peace," Mrs. Mann smilingly continued. The woman who shared my room discovered that it was inhabited and that the inmates resented our intrusion. There were thousands of them. I turned on the light and looked the army over in despair. I happened to notice that while they marched and countermarched everywhere else in the room, they stayed away from a bar of tar soap I had laid out on the wash stand. I cut the soap into small bits and laid it all around us, forming a line of defense. The coup was a success. The bravest and hungriest of the army never tried to pass it, and we slept in safety."

"The next morning the good fellow gave us our breakfast." Mr. Mann here took up the recital. "My dealings with that chap afterwards would fill one issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. It would make a book. It's enough to say that I had the good fortune to send lots of business his way, and to help him out of some difficulties of his own. And the man that attached our goods I've seen with fringe on his trousers on Broadway. Again and again he has asked me for work, and when he could not get that, he wanted to borrow from me."

"And you refused to the last?"

The fierce frown on the actor's face faded. "Until the last time," he said.

Mrs. Mann's soft black eyes sought the interrogator's face.

"One must not hold a grudge forever," she said, in mild reproof.

"But we are glad of one thing," said the chief narrator. "We paid every cent of those old debts. We gave our notes for them and paid them with interest. I have some beautiful letters from our old-time creditors, speaking of the unusualness of the proceeding, and many sent back checks for the amount of interest, saying they didn't want that. But we returned them all."

"It took three years," said Mrs. Mann.

"Yes. It took our first success, 'The Girl from Paris,' to pay for that failure."

One success breeds another. After "The Girl from Paris" came "All on Account of Eliza" and "The Telephone Girl," and the handsome house near Riverside Drive and other symbols of success evolved from distant dreams into actualities. An accident to her arm compelled Mrs. Mann's retirement from the stage, but she has not been idle.

She has fitted up her lovely home. She has assisted her husband at his rehearsals, and she is writing several plays in which her admiring husband has infinite faith.

"I can look after household matters in a half an hour," she said. "That is all I need. I make a tour of the house and, note-book in hand, jot down whatever is needed. I do my own marketing, and like it better than any of my duties as a housekeeper. I meet so many odd people. It is a splendid opportunity for the study of types."

She will go back to the stage, but her husband insists that it be in the capacity of a producer. "There isn't one of them who——" "O, Louis, don't," she warned, and modesty triumphed over conjugal pride.

Concluding the chat, the interviewer asked Mr. Mann about his plans. "Pardon me," he said, "but I have decided never to talk of plans again. When I was younger I used to talk of them ardently by the hour. I did so even last year with engaging candor, and when the season opened some one else was using my idea in a play. Now, I am forty, and wiser, I hope, than last year. I will never let my plans be published again until they are ripe and copyrighted."

"What must an actor have to be successful?"

"Imagination, temperament and intellect," he said, "and the greatest of these is temperament."

"What is temperament?"

"Temperament is the blood speaking," said Mr. Mann.

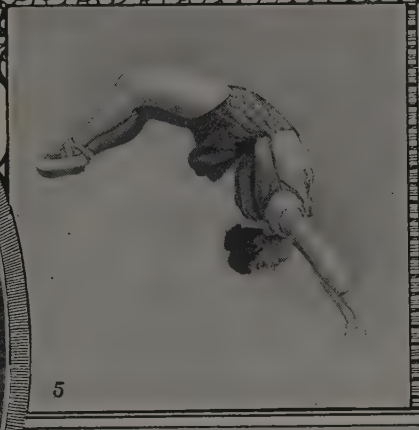
"Temperament is what makes you understand people and be for the time what they are," said Mrs. Mann.

"That is a better definition than mine," said her husband gallantly.

ADA PATTERSON.

MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND
Now appearing in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"

New York's Great Hippodrome



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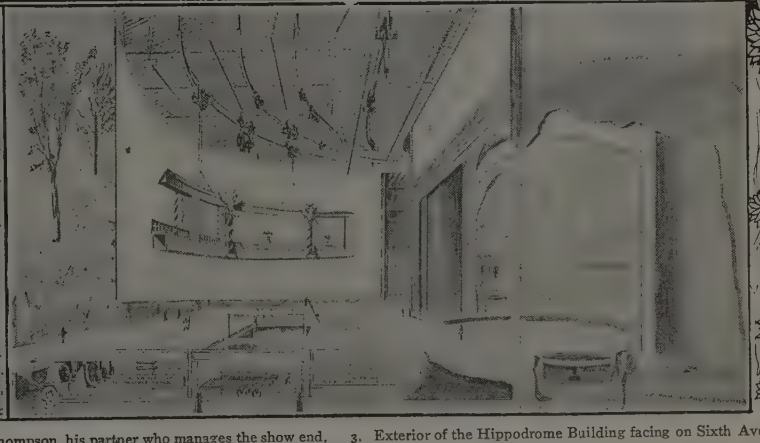

1. Elmer Dundy, financialhead of the gigantic enterprise. 2. Frederick W. Thompson, his partner who manages the show end. 3. Exterior of the Hippodrome Building facing on Sixth Avenue. 4. Rehearsing the Equestrian Ballet. 5. Signora Antonio's sensational 100-foot dive backwards. 6. Hippodrome Circus Rings. 7. Battle with 600 men and 150 horses on Hippodrome stage. 8. The elephant chauffeurs. 9. Showing how the wonderful scenery is manipulated.

Photos by Genthe, San Francisco

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT IN THREE OF HER FAVORITE POSES

Evolution of a Stage Beauty

OFTEN it requires an unerring eye and an instinct of prophecy to recognize beauty in embryo. The story of the ugly duckling and the growing girl are sometimes identical. Particularly is this true in the instance of beauties of the order classed as statuesque.

As she looked ten years ago

The evolution of beauty may be painful, awkward, the repeated story of the dull chrysalis and the radiant butterfly. To read the history of beauty is frequently to go back to humble and lack-promise beginnings.

Such was the story of Maxine Elliott, beauty and star.

It is said, in Kentucky, where the remark savors of environment and heredity that the man who can see in the ungainly colt the promise of the superb racer, recognizes in the girl who seems all hands and feet and crimson self-consciousness, the beauty of the future. One of such prescient eye, prophet of pulchritude met at all and angular girl, with black eyes like illuminated saucers, and two pigtails that shone with the oiled splendor of the pliant tresses of a lady of the Chinese court. There was disproportion, a painful *gaucherie*, and a preponderance of thinness and eyes in this school girl.

"Who is she?" asked the man of trained eye.

"Who? The little gal with the yellow hair and the blue sash?"

"No, no," answered the Kentuckian impatiently, "the tall one."

"The thin one with the big eyes?"

"Yes."

"That's a sea captain's daughter. I forget her last name, but the first is Jessie. Ain't she a humbly one?"

"Perhaps, but she's going to be a great beauty some day."

The Rockland man told his wife that night that Kentuckians are queer. He might have added that they are canny. For that, the prophecy of the discerner of hidden beauty was true, the photographs reproduced on this page prove.

She, who when she asked a manager for work on the stage said her name was Jessie McDermott, was not a beautiful girl. Some critics denied her even prettiness. At what mothers anxiously hurry their daughters over if possible, "the awkward age," she was as unattractive as the feeble bud guarded in its thorny calyx of green leaves.

But the kind years changed the acute angles to tender curves. They rounded softly the thin face, and in the rounding reduced the abnormal size of the great, dark eyes. On that wonderful day when her hair was "done up" for the first time, the heavy braids built out the small head and accentuated lines of hitherto unsuspected grace. Seeing all this, she smiled slowly, in the pleased slow comprehension of a Cinderella and forgot the torture of those intruding members, her hands and feet. She slipped into her new white mull dress and went to a party that night, and the boys and girls of Rockland, Me., said, "Is that Jessie?" "No, it aint." "Yes, it is." The dull chrysalis had released the graceful moth. Time developed it, and the radiant butterfly of its development, Lembach, the painter of beautiful women, said is the most beautiful woman in the world.

As Ophelia

Miss Elliott could not have a better foil for her beauty than her dog, "Sport," an English bull terrier, who is her constant companion and champion, even on her travels. He escorts her to the theatre every night.

Genthe, San Francisco

MISS ELLIOTT AND HER DOG "SPORT"

Maxine Elliott's beauty is of that desirable type that seems to be changeless. The swift fading of the charms of a pretty girl is a tragedy of commonness. We expect it. We are surprised if it does not transpire, as the fading of a rose in the vase on our study tables. But the woman whom the passing of ten years touches lightly as a dove's wing is the beauty regnant.

Ten years ago Miss Elliott was seen in a small part in the Frawley Stock Company in San Francisco. It was her début on the Pacific Coast. In December, she played again in the Columbia, as the star of "Her Own Way." Those of the audience who had not seen her for a decade whispered behind their fans and collapsible hats, "She is as young as ever, and she is quite as beautiful—no, more beautiful." It was a triumph to warm the heart of woman.

It was Ethel Barrymore who paid Miss Elliott what was probably the superlative compliment of her career. It was at her New York début as a star in "Her Own Way." Miss Barrymore raised her lorgnette, looked long and lowered it with a sigh of enjoyment.

"The Venus of Milo—with arms!" she exclaimed.

Why has Miss Elliott grown more beautiful?

Why has time been her first aid to beauty?

The whole credit belongs to the actress for she is mistress of the philosophy of beauty.

Miss Elliott knows that poise is a secret and a preservative of serene beauties. Therefore, she avoids scenes that wrinkle a woman's soul and correspondingly corrugate her face. She knows that the greatest tonic of beauty is the outdoor life, and she lives it as much as her travels will permit.

Knowing that increasing avoirdupois steals a woman's charms as a thief in the night, she has never but once permitted herself to vary from her stereotyped weight. Then there was a quick flitting to Jackwood and when she returned, the unwelcome pounds had fled as mysteriously as though she had tossed them overboard in mid ocean.

"Diet and exercise," she replied to all inquiries.

Beauties must be stern with themselves at times. They must banish the last morning nap. They must frown upon the alluring box of bon bons. They must walk when they had much rather ride. They must eat sparingly, even when hungry. There are altars of sacrifice in all lives. The beauty has hers. W. B. A.

Byron, N. Y.

AMELIA BINGHAM AND FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE IN "MLLE. MARNI" AT WALLACK'S

Albert M. Palmer—A Personal Tribute

A. M. PALMER, whose death on March 7 passed almost unnoticed by the daily newspapers, was the last of that famous trio of theatrical managers—WALLACK, DALY and PALMER—the story of whose respective careers is practically that of the most glorious period of the American stage.

Mr. Palmer was the last survivor of a by-gone theatrical régime. He belonged to the days when the stock company was at the height of its prosperity, the days when a refined management gave the drama both dignity and form, when there was a standard of public taste, when acting was cultivated as an art and had not yet degenerated into hero-worship, when, in a word, the occupation of producing plays had not been turned into mere money making. Palmer belonged to that school of managers whom we find in control of the leading theatres of Europe—men of culture, refinement and scholarship. New theatrical methods, born of the modern frantic rush for wealth, ended his artistic usefulness and during the last few years of his life he occupied a very obscure position in the theatre. Yet had he passed away in the height of his prosperity, what columns the newspapers would have devoted to his memory.

He died poor after having made and spent several fortunes. No recital of his public career as a manager could give an adequate idea of the kindness of heart of the man. To one who was connected in the smallest capacity with Mr. Palmer, to one who had but a glimpse of the daily demands made upon him in the days of his prosperity, of his voluntary anticipation and meeting distress, the man whose hand you touched and whose smile you recall is remembered rather than his public distinction. His employees were always secure with him. He discharged no one. Entirely simple in manners, habits and dress, he conducted his business with a like direct frankness. To scheme was no part of his nature. As a rule, the members of his company were retained, year after year, on verbal contract. Puritan bred and of Presbyterian stock, he was by nature aristocratic, but without the pretensions and affectations that too often accompany superior fortune. His Americanism, which was intense, and his sense of refinement, was too strong for that. Irritable at times, under the pressure of business, he might sharply rebuke stupidity or ill-breeding in a subordinate, but no one under him, in whatever capacity, if esteemed by Mr. Palmer on the side of integrity, worthy intent and self-respect, ever heard a harsh word from him. It should be easily said of every man of ample or overflowing means, that he was charitable or generous, but with him there was not a remnant of sordidness. A defalcation of several thousand dollars,

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THE LATE ALBERT M. PALMER

a material sum to him at the moment, was passed over without a ripple.

His tastes were literary. His library was as remarkable for its selectness as for its extent. While he bought many rare and expensive books, he was not a collector of the merely curiously valuable. In that direction, however, he had one diversion entirely of his own. He saw to it that the history of the Union Square Theatre—during his tenancy of that house—was gathered in the shape of all the playbills, all the criticisms, autobiographies of all the players, signed letters of authors, and everything that had a proper place in such a collection. All this material, the autobiographies being in the handwriting of the subject, were inlaid by Toedeberg, famous in his rare craft, on pages of uniform size, and were bound or are ready to be bound into volumes. It is a complete history, absolutely unique, in fact, the only complete record, pictorial and autobiographical, of its kind in the world. These thirty or so volumes are invaluable. To those not familiar with the cost of collecting, some of the items would seem wildly extravagant, but signed personal letters by Dickens and like celebrities can only be procured at a considerable outlay. The cost of the volumes could not have been less than fifteen thousand dollars. A separate and complete history of the theatre forms a volume by itself. The history of every theatre or every manager would hardly be worth such minuteness, but such a collection by Wallack and Daly, Mr. Palmer's immediate contemporaries, would certainly be worth the while.

The future enormous expansion of the American stage will never entirely dim the lustre of Mr. Palmer's career. He began by doing a remarkable thing. He converted a house devoted to variety into the foremost theatre in the city, in popularity and profit, as against famous and experienced rivals, himself wholly inexperienced. He stamped it with refinement and with intelligence in every department, with a startling aptitude to the work in hand. A complete list of his productions during the ten years of management would not convey any adequate idea of the position held by the Union Square Theatre. The moment he left it, judgment, taste, sense, everything vanished. It failed instantly. From 1872 to 1882 were the golden years.

Of course, no manager can altogether compel events. The elements must conspire with him. Thus, some important and romantic history falls to the Union Square. Bartley Campbell had walked the streets of New York, with a dramatic craftsman's brain under his dingy hat, a stout and self-reliant heart buttoned beneath his thin coat, almost laughed at for his confidence and his hopes, not starving, perhaps, but living on a small enough margin, until his play "My Partner," produced at this theatre on September 18, 1879, made him famous and took the wolf from his door. Bartley Campbell was really the first born of American dramatists, in a certain sense. It is true that our drama began to be worthy with Bronson Howard, himself of this period of ten years, but it was the financial success of these two at this theatre that opened up the dramatic field for the best minds in the land.

From 1884 to 1891, Mr. Palmer managed the Madison Square Theatre. There Augustus Thomas came, with "Alabama." From 1890 to 1896 he took the management of Wallack's Theatre, re-christened Palmer's. At the Garden Theatre, Paul Potter first scored with "Trilby."

To describe the magnitude and significance of these successes that made the reputations of these dramatists, to go back to the days of Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter," and recount them all, would transcend the limits of this magazine.

What is said here must serve as mere footnotes to the memory of a career which is familiar to us all at this time. Mr. Palmer died at his work. A man without resentments, he gave way to wider, more daring and, no doubt, more business-like methods, and what he lost in active authority he gained in friendships and respect. He would be a sad loser who thought otherwise of this amiable and yet strong man. The funeral services were attended by a great throng of theatre managers, journalists, actors and personal friends. To have been present at the churchly and personal farewell was felt by all in that imposing assemblage to be a simple act of self-respect, to have omitted which would have been not merely a dereliction of duty, but an offense to every sentiment which should govern the living toward the dead, one whose life had been of such benefit to his generation.

"Meister Manoli" and Its Royal Author

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA is world famous under her literary pseudonym, "Carmen Sylva," as a poet and writer of fiction. It is not, however, generally known that she is also a playwright of considerable originality and power. Yet her drama, "Meister Manoli," written some twelve years ago, will shortly be performed by Novelli in Italy, and later it may be seen in England, America and other countries.

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, was born in Newweid, December 29, 1843. She is the daughter of Prince Hermann of Weid and Princess Maria of Nassau. Her favorite abode (and where she mostly resides) is Castle Pelesch, in Sinia. She was married, in 1861, to King Charles of Roumania, whom she first met at the Court of Berlin. When she began to write, she took the pen name "Carmen Sylva." She has been equally successful with poems, fairy tales, novels and plays.

"Meister Manoli" is a very powerful drama, and is based upon the legend of the man who buried his wife alive, a grewsome tale which the great Roumanian poet, Alexandri, has set to verse. The poet, however, had probably no idea where Curtea de Argesche—the scene of the crime—was situated, or even if it ever existed, and it was suggested to Carol, Prince of Roumania, to make a search for the wonderful ruins and have them restored. Count de Nouy was appointed to reconstruct the old church, and for twelve years, under the greatest difficulties, he worked on this wonderful building, which has not its like in the whole world. In searching the foundations, it was discovered that, at different periods, three churches had been erected, one upon another. The first had been begun in the year 1515. The master builder is unknown. One report is that he was an Armenian, another that he was an Italian. The legend states, however, that misfortune continually following the builder, who is called Manoli, he buried his wife alive in the walls as a sort of propitiation to Heaven. Commenting on this strange story, Carmen Sylva, the royal playwright, says:

"I first translated the legend into prose. I worked on it for almost six years. The awful secret of the old Argesche Church, which the first King of Roumania had chosen as his last resting place, worked so

A ROYAL PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK
"Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, composing plays on her typewriter

Grace George in Her New Play "Abigail"

Abigail (Grace George) The Duke (Joseph Coyne) Theodora Robbins (Selene Johnson)
The Duke: "I'm proposing"

Ruth Benson Grace George Mrs. Hone Joseph Coyne Willis Martin Justine Cutting
The Duke: "The funniest part of it was I didn't get a scratch"

Grace George THE DANCE IN THE STUDIO Vivia Ogden Conway Tearle Louise Closser

powerfully on my imagination that I had no rest until I tried to fathom out the important events in the life of Prince Neagoc, who had probably ordered this church to be built as an atonement for his sins, for he did away with his nephew in a mysterious way, so that he himself might ascend the throne.

"The story pursued me day and night, until I finally wove its details into a drama of my own. Two difficulties, however, confronted me in the commencement of the work, first, the grim details of the legend, and, second, the query, 'Can a lyrical poet be also a dramatist?' To test my powers in this direction, I first wrote a dialogue entitled 'Dommerung,' which was translated into French by Helen Vacaresco in Paris, and later was given by Mmes. Dudley and Reichemberg, at the Trocadero festival. Count de Lisle was present at its representation, and at the time criticised it most favorably. This gave me courage, and subsequently I founded on it a play entitled, 'Woman's Bravery.' No especial notice was taken of this work, and nothing came of it.

"Unfortunately, I was not in a position to study the details and technique of the stage, which was so necessary for the success of my work. But, notwithstanding these difficulties, I determined to persevere with 'Meister Manoli,' and in trying to fathom the truth as to the immuring of Manoli's wife, I found that there was hardly an ancient church in Europe in which a human being, animal, or effigy of some kind had not been buried alive. In cathedrals, bridges and castles stretching from Bulgaria to Scotland and Sweden, this sinister fact has been verified by the tearing down of old walls.

"For fully ten years I worked, sought and racked my brains upon the subject, and then determined to put the story of 'Meister Manoli' on paper. When the play was finished, I went to London and read my sketch aloud (translating it as I did so) to Sir Henry Irving and Max Muller. Irving wiped the perspiration from his brow, and when I had finished tried to explain that it would be quite impossible for him to present my play before an English public. Such terrible scenes, he said, as the immuring of human beings modern theatregoers would not tolerate, while Max Muller, who was equally discouraging, explained to me that in the end he feared public performances of it would be forbidden by the authorities.

"I next went to Vienna and read my piece to some well-known artists there, among them Herr Sonnenthal. This famous actor at once pronounced himself interested and was quite ready to undertake the Manoli rôle, and suggested sending some one to me to discuss the stage settings, etc. The piece was produced soon after in Vienna. Two years later it was again presented at Leipsic, by Mittenwurzer, who played the part of Manoli. But its run was so short that I was forced to look upon my work as a failure. I therefore laid the drama aside, tried to forget it and turned my attention to other work.

"For a long time I did not even glance at the play. Then, one day, contrary to my expectations, there came a new demand for it. The young Roumanian artist, Enesco, came to me and begged for the manuscript, which I gave to him. Thus, the play once more came to the foreground as a national product, and on this occasion I was permitted to sit in the royal loge at Bukarest and witness its representation. But it again proved a failure, and I determined not to let it be performed again. Recently, however, the great Italian tragedian, Novelli, came to Bukarest and begged to be permitted to read 'Meister Manoli.' He expressed himself delighted with my play and asked if I would be willing to make certain alterations for a production in Italy. I consented, but when he returned to get the manuscript, it was not ready. He was almost beside himself with disappointment, for he had already advertised the production in Florence. To soothe his feelings, I read aloud to him the small portion I had rewritten, whereupon he expressed appreciation in his lively Italian fashion, and told me that he intended to take the part of the man servant. I finally gave it to him, and this year it will, without doubt, be seen in Italy."

The Queen wrote the play in the French language and herself designed the many beautiful Roumanian costumes which will be used in the production.

LUCRETIA DAVIDSON.

MISS SELMA HERMAN
Young Western actress who has recently appeared on the New York stage

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SARAH BERNHARDT, interviewed at Naples, thus related the fortunes of her repertoire at Constantinople. "I had six plays in my repertoire: 'Tosca,' 'Phèdre,' 'Fedora,' 'L'Aiglon,' 'La Sorcière' and 'La Dame aux Camelias.' The Turkish censor prohibited five! Five! 'Phèdre,' a Greek subject, was impossible; in 'Fédora' there are Nihilists, impossible to give this play at Constantinople; 'L'Aiglon' would offend Austria; 'La Sorcière' would offend Spain—in fact, in fact, my dear friend, nothing was left me but 'La Dame Aux Camelias,' which, thank God, offended no nation. I put on in all haste 'Frou-Frou,' which was also inoffensive. At Athens only 'Fedora' was excluded from my repertoire, because—the Queen of Greece is a Russian."

THE production of Gabriele d'Annunzio's new drama, "The Ship," which was to have taken place at La Scala, Milan, early in the spring, has been indefinitely postponed, for the curious reason that as at this time of the year all the best orchestral musicians, as well as chorus people, would be engaged for other pieces, it would be impossible to give the new work a worthy production.

AN INTERESTING experiment with scenery for the stage treated with a preparation invented by Professor Zamboni, a well-known Italian scientist, was made last month in Milan. The scenery was made of both paper and canvas, painted with specially prepared colors, and the experiment was conducted by the fire department. At the close of the experiment, not only had the absolute non-inflammableness of the scenery been established, but the colors as well had not suffered, and were perfectly fresh.

GERHARDT HAUPTMANN has written a new drama which has not yet been given on any stage. It is based on a novel by Grillparzer, "The Cloister of Sendomir." A monk relates this story to a cavalier who is passing the night in the monastery. Count Starschinsky, a brilliant soldier of the time of Sobieski, married the most beautiful woman of Poland. But the lady Elga was false to him, and nightly met her lover in an old tower. The husband discovers her faithlessness, strangles the lover, and leads his wife to the room, where she sees the corpse, surrounded by candles, after which he becomes a monk, and is the very one who narrates the story.

Hauptmann has dramatized this tale in six scenes dreamed by the cavalier.

MISS HELEN ROYTON
Prima donna in "A China Doll"

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New Dramatic Books

SWORD PLAY FOR ACTORS. A Manual of Stage Fencing. By F. G. Blakeslee. Illustrated: New York. M. W. Hazen Co.

In these days, when the sword drama was never more in evidence on the boards, such a book as this is almost a necessity to the ambitious leading man. The author contributed an interesting article on "Famous Stage Fights" to the pages of this magazine some months ago, and he is an acknowledged authority on his subject. Mimic sword play differs essentially from that of actual combat, in that the swordsmen, instead of striving to injure each other, have to be careful to avoid accidents. Safety, therefore, is the chief thing to be kept in mind when learning stage fencing. Many of the attacks, writes Mr. Blakeslee, used by fencers in the *salle d'armes*, where they have the protection of the mask and plastron, should never be employed on the stage, on account of the risk of accidental injury connected with them, while many of the attacks rarely used in the fencing room are admirably adapted for the stage. The book covers the important points of the different schools of fencing, ancient and modern, with elaborate technical descriptions of the different attacks as taught by such famous masters as Senac, Gouspy, Vauthier, Maury and Malchien. The auhtor points out that besides its usefulness as a stage accomplishment, fencing is one of the most healthful of exercises, for it not only makes one graceful, but developes an erect carriage, a quick eye and active brain. It is interesting to note that the author includes Egerton Castle, the well known novelist, among the expert masters of the art of fencing, while he makes no mention of Anthony Hope or Booth Tarkington. There is an elaborate description of the fight in "Hamlet," concerning which the author says:

"Perhaps no combat in any of Shakespeare's plays is so often incorrectly presented as the fencing scene in 'Hamlet.' This should never be played with modern foils, but with blunted rapiers and daggers. The modern foil represents the short sword, which was not in existence when this play was written. The foils mentioned by the dramatist were blunted swords, such as were in common use in the fencing rooms of his time."

The book is profusely illustrated with half-tone cuts, showing different methods of attack and parry. Altogether, a very interesting book.

MODERN MONOLOGUES. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Chicago and New York: The Dramatic Publishing Co.

No doubt all these monologues are useful for the purposes of platform entertainment. As bright as some of them are, it is at once apparent, on reading them, that the aim of the writer was not literature, but entertainment conveyed largely by the magnetism, as it is called, of the speaker, and by the animated business supplied by a capable performer. The proper delivering of them, to give them life, evidently requires some command of the art of acting and of elocution; but their levity would not make any great demand upon art, other than that at the command of any one engaged in this particular form of entertaining who had gained address, adroitness and spontaneity in setting forth the little incidents of life in this form. The talks at the telephone are amusing, and some of the monologues make points

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that would evoke laughter in an audience, but literature there is not.

PLAYERS AND VAGABONDS. By Viola Roseboro. New York and London: The Macmillan Co.

The book contains nine stories of unequal merit. While the style is diffuse to a degree, the stories seem to be based on actual experiences in travelling with a theatrical company, and will be found of interest to those who see romance connected with the stage. If the managers and actors involved in its pages are intended to be reproductions, in character, of stage figures familiar to the present reading public, they are too thickly veiled to be recognized. The writer has no old scores to settle, and is thoroughly amiable, from which it may be assumed that the stories are in the main, fiction.

Books Received

DE PROFUNDIS. By Oscar Wilde. With portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Revival of "London Assurance"

Before the termination of Miss Ellis Jeffreys' present New York engagement she will appear in a revival of "London Assurance." This famous old comedy by Dion Boucicault will be produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre by Liebler & Co., between April 1st and 5th, with this special cast:

Sir Harcourt Courtley, Eben Plympton; Max Harkaway, Wm. H. Thompson; Charles Courtley, Ben Webster; Dolly Spanker, Jos. Wheelock, Jr.; Dazzle, Henry E. Dixey; Meddle, Murray Carson; Cool, Herbert Sleath; Lady Gay Spanker, Ellis Jeffreys; Grace Harkaway, Ida Conquest; Pert, Kate Phillips.

The production will be staged under the personal direction of Charles Cartwright.

Miss Jeffreys' Lady Gay Spanker will be awaited with interest, for the rôle gives opportunity for the display of her qualities in comedy in which she attained distinction at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

"London Assurance" was first produced March 4, 1841, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London. Its first presentation in New York occurred October 11th of the same year at the Park Theatre. The piece ran for several hundred nights and was revived on various occasions. Many of the most noted players of a generation ago were identified with productions of the play.

Among the Amateurs

The University of Michigan Deutscher Verein presented the play "Flachsmann als Erzieher" in the Campus Theatre (Sarah Caswell Angell Hall) on March 6. The cast was as follows:

Flachsmann, Mr. Laner; Flemming, Gordon Mendelssohn; Dierhs, Ernst Schmitz; Vogelsang, Mr. Knight; Weidenbaum, Mr. Lowenberg; Rieman, Mr. Nagelvoort; Römer, Mr. Sohns; Prof. Dr. Prell, Mr. Neumarker; Negendank, Mr. Goodrich; Inspector Bröseche, Mr. Schottstaedt; Max Dormann, Wiltrud Hildner; Karl Jeusen, Egmont Hildner; Frau Dörmann, Frl. Miller; Betty Sturhahn, Frl. Schertz; Gisa Holm, Frl. Olney.

"Flachsmann als Erzieher" was the second play to be given in the new Campus Theatre. That the student body appreciates the new home for college theatricals is shown by the splendid audience which greeted the players. A plan is under consideration to take the play to Detroit, Saginaw and other nearby cities.

Russian Actors in New York

Under the auspices of Charles Frohman the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company gave a matinee performance at the Herald Square Theatre, on Thursday, March 23. This is the troupe of players which was expelled from Russia for presenting there the drama in three acts by Eugene Tschirikoff, entitled "The Chosen People."

Leiser Frankel finds, to his horror, that Lia, his daughter, has followed the example of her elder sister, and has given her heart to a Christian, and that his only son, Boruch, a student expelled from the university for joining in socialistic agitations, is abetting his sister in her secret understanding with her non-Jewish lover. Towering above these is Nachmann, the schoolmaster and Zionist leader, gathering still greater strength from his discovery that he is the champion of a losing cause.

And all through there is heard the under-tone of the storm rambling without, coming nearer and nearer, threatening death and disaster. One might say that the real protagonist of the piece is not Frankel, nor Lia, nor even Nachmann, but the spectre of panic fear that stalks grimly through the unfolding scenes. In the third act one sees Kishineff, with human beings scurrying to their hiding places like rats to their holes; rapine, murder, and the suicide that prefers death to dishonor.

The great success of McIlhenny's Tobasco, both as a relish and as a digestive agent has caused numerous imitations to be put upon the market, many of which consist simply of diluted tomato catsup, heavily charged with cayenne pepper, which any physician will tell you is a dangerous irritant and should be avoided. The genuine McIlhenny's Tabasco is a most excellent corrective and aids the digestive organs in their work. Therefore, always be sure when you use Tabasco that it is McILHENNY'S—the original—in use nearly half a century by the leading hotels, restaurants and best families of the land. It gives a fine, spicy, piquant flavor to soups, roasts, fish, oysters, sauces, etc.

Queries Answered

H. E., New York City.—Q.—Will you please publish a picture of William Bramwell? A.—See our issue for February, 1903.

E. M. S.—Q.—Where can I get reliable criticisms of "The Duke of Killicrankie," "Raffles" and "The Fortunes of the King"? A.—See THEATRE MAGAZINE for October, 1904, December, 1903, and November, 1902.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from "The Little Minister" and a criticism of that play? A.—It is now too old a story.

A Reader of THE THEATRE.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Frank Mills? A.—We may do so shortly.

J. C. G., City.—Q.—Have you on sale a photograph of Mrs. James Brown Potter? A.—We have not.

F. A. T., West Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Is the picture, "A First Night at the Empire Theatre," a composite picture or an original? A.—It is a composite.

"361 L. M."—Q.—In what play is Brandon Tynan going to star? A.—We do not think he is to star in any play next season. His address is care of David Belasco, this city.

F. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Are the Lulu Glaser, Robert Edeson and "The College Widow" companies coming to San Francisco before summer? A.—None of the attractions mentioned have any idea at present of visiting the Pacific Coast.

B. B.—Q.—Where is Frank Monroe, formerly of "The Virginian" playing? A.—He was in that organization when we last heard from it.

A Subscriber, Columbus, Ohio.—Q.—When does William Gillette's engagement in New York begin? A.—He is now at the Empire Theatre, this city. Q.—Will he remain there until this present season closes? A.—It is uncertain. Q.—Are you going to have any articles or pictures of Mr. Gillette in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Who is his manager? A.—Charles Frohman. Q.—Can you tell when Sothern & Marlowe will play in Columbus? A.—Late in the spring. They probably will be in your city about the time you read this.

B. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Q. What is Julia Marlowe's present address? A.—Care of Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city. Q.—Are Sothern & Marlowe booked for St. Paul? A.—Not at present.

K. B. C.—Q.—Is Lillian Green, former prima donna, "King Dodo," living? A.—She is traveling with some musical organization.

H. W. O., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—What is the best way to get a vaudeville play produced? A.—Make personal application to J. Austin Fynes, manager for F. F. Proctor, Fifth Avenue Theatre, or apply to the Vaudeville Agency, St. James Building, 27th Street and Broadway, this city.

V. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Under whose management is E. S. Willard appearing in this country? A.—Charles Frohman's.

K. M.—Q.—Is Vincent Serrano's wife on the stage? A.—No.

E. A. J., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Q.—How long after their initial performance at Grand Rapids did Louis James and Frederick Warde continue to play in "Alexander the Great?" A.—Write to their managers, Wagenhalls & Kemper, Broadway Theatre Building, this city.

G. E. T., Taunton, Mass.—Q.—Can you tell me who are the publishers of a book by Amy Leslie, entitled, "Some Players?" A.—We do not know. Q.—Have you ever had an interview with Miss Annie Russell. A.—See our issue for January, 1902.

C. M. S.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and a picture of William Courtenay? A.—See our issues for February, 1905, and June, 1904.

A. A. B., N. B., Canada.—Q.—Kindly let me know where Carl Eckstrom is? A.—He is now playing in the cast of "The Shepherd King" at the New York Theatre, this city.

B. N. D., New Orleans, U. S. A.—Q.—Is there now on the market a device for automatically changing the colored screens held before arc lamps for projecting the light of the stage? A.—There is such a device and if you write to Universal Stage Lighting Company, Kliegl Bros., 1393 Broadway, Metropolitan Electric Stage Lighting Company, 123 West 40th Street, all of this city, you will get the information you desire.

J. W., Roslindale, Mass.—Q.—To whom should I apply for a position as understudy? A.—The stage manager is the proper person to apply to for such a position.

A. M. E., New York,—Q.—Will William Bramwell be in New York again this season? A.—He has already played in this city this season. Q.—What do Edna Phillips and Laura Hope Crews expect to do next season? A.—We are not advised as to their movements. Laura Hope Crews is now in vaudeville with Henry Miller.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—How long has Viola Allen been starring? A.—About eight years. Q.—What is her greatest success. A.—Glory Quayle, in "The Christian." Q.—Will you have an interview with Miss Allen? A.—See our February, 1903, issue.

R. A. D., Hackensack, N. J.—Could you give the addresses of any firms that deal in stage costumes? A.—Mme. Crane, 592 Seventh Avenue; Eaves, 226 W. 41st Street; Mme. Freisinger, 127 W. 41st Street, all of this city.

I. A.—Q.—When does Maxine Elliott expect to return to New York and in what play? A.—She will play one engagement before the close of the present season at one of the Broadway theatres.

A Subscriber, San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Is James K. Hackett expected to come to San Francisco? A.—We do not think so. Q.—Are Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Drina De Wolfe, coming to San Francisco? A.—None of them intend visiting your city this season. Q.—Who is the wife of Robert Drouet? A.—His wife is a non-professional. Q.—Who is considered the best-looking man on the stage? A.—Such questions are trivial.

Economy, Pa.—Q.—Did Isabel Irving play last season in Arizona? A.—She did not. Q.—Which character in the play, "The Girl from Kays" was called Piggy? A.—The character is that of Hoggenheimer, played by Sam Bernard.

"Rex," Paterson, N. J.—Q.—Will a letter addressed to a syndicate star on the road reach them if addressed Care of Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre? A.—Yes. Q.—If I send twenty-five cents will you mail me any back numbers of THE THEATRE? A.—Upon receipt of the price, namely: (1901), $1.50; (1902), 75 cents; (1903) 50 cents; (1904) 35 cents; (1905) 25 cents, we will send any back numbers of THE THEATRE. Q.—Will Maude Adams play in anything else this year? A.—Only in what she is now appearing.

A Reader. Q.—Will you give me the titles and publishers' addresses of the most reliable books on the arts of play writing, acting and make-up? A.—Write to Samuel French, 24 West 22d Street, New York city. Read W. T. Price's "Technique of the Drama." It is invaluable.

R. F., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Are Klaw & Erlanger still running the free dramatic school for stage-struck girls? A.—They did open such a school, but soon closed it. Q.—Is there such a thing of its kind in Chicago? A.—We do not know of any in Chicago. Q.—How much would it cost to go through a dramatic school? A.—The price charged depends upon the length of time one continues, generally from $300 to $500. Q.—Will Klaw and Erlanger put out a new musical comedy this spring? A.—We do not know. Q.—What is Klaw and Erlanger's address? A.—Amsterdam Theatre, West 42d Street, New York city.

J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—What is Julia Marlowe's summer address in full? A.—Highmount, N. Y.

G. H. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—How could I make myself known to managers of stock companies in regard to a position for impersonating different nationalities? A.—Not having been on the stage and with a good responsible company you would have much difficulty in getting such a position. Go to a first-class dramatic agent and see what he can do for you.

J. Mac B., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Is Harry Woodruff still on

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the stage? A.—He is at present the leading man at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, this city, having taken Edwin Arden's position. Q.—Would you publish a picture of Wm. Bramwell, preferably in "Captain Barrington?" A.—Perhaps.

E. M. H., New York city.—Q.—Is Dustin Farnum coming here this season and in what play? A.—He is with the "Virginian" until the season closes and he does not come to New York with it again.

R. E. W., Cleburne, Texas—Q.—Where may one learn buck and wing dancing? A.—John Hogan, care of Elks Hall, 59th Street and Broadway, and Wilson, 256 W. 23d Street, both teach dancing.

M. E. W., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—What is the address of a concern who criticise plays and dramatizations? A.—Write to W. T. Price, 1440 Broadway, New York.

E. B., Manhattan. Q.—Where and in what play is Miss Helen Singer? A.—Write to Mittenthal, care of Knickerbocker Theatre, who will forward a letter to her or tell you the company she is with.

B. S., Minneapolis, Minn.—Q.—Will Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe be in Minneapolis this spring? A.—It is not their present intention of visiting your city.

A. W., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Could you give me the address of the following: Hauptmann, Rostand, Pinero, Jones, Shaw, Ibsen, Phillips and Sudermann? A.—Letters sent to the care of the London *Era*, Strand, London, England, will reach them.

E. S—Q—Will you publish a picture of Edwin Arden and Miss Isabelle Evesson in private dress? A.—See issues for September, 1902, and Christmas, 1904. Q.—Has Mr. Edwin Arden played the part of Bunny in "Raffles?" A.—He never appeared in that play.

M. M., Montreal, Quebec.—Q.—Is Margaret Sylva married? A.—She is Mrs. W. D. Mann in private life. Q.—In what company is she at present? A.—Now in Nice, France, resting.

Mary B.—Q.—When and where was Edwin Arden born? A.—He was born in St. Louis, Mo. His right name is Hunter Smith and he is the son of Arden R. Smith, once a newspaper man in St. Louis. Was afterwards manager for Thomas W. Keene. Q.—What is his wife's maiden name? A.—Mr. Arden married Tom Keene's daughter, whose maiden name was Agnes. Q.—Have you published an interview with Mr. Arden? A—We have not. Q.—Was he ever the manager of a stock company and when? A.—Mr. Arden had a stock company in Washington, and has managed a traveling combination. He is the author of the play entitled "The Eagle's Nest."

Renie. Q.—Is the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans" still on the road? A.—The company is still on the road and was, the second week in March, touring the South. Q.—When will the tour end? A.—The season will close in May. Q.—Have you published pictures of Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neill and James O'Neill, Jr.? A.—Often. Q.—How long has James O'Neill, Jr., been on the stage and in what plays? A.—James O'Neill has been on the stage since he was seventeen years of age. Among the many plays he has acted in was Icilius to Forrest's Virginius. Was with Adelaide Neilson, Edwin Booth, "The Passion Play" in California, D'Artagnan in "The Musketeers," "Monte Cristo." Was with Charlotte Cushman and in the stock company at Union Square Theatre, this city.

E. L.—Q.—Has Edwin Arden played at any time in "Raffles," as a substitute for Mr. Elliott, who played the part of Bunny? A.—We never heard of his acting in that play.

Subscriber, Westchester, N. Y.—Q.—Is it true that Miss Maude Adams has just finished her farewell engagement and is going to retire from stage life? There is no truth in such a rumor. Q.—Is Lionel Adams related to Miss Adams? A.—Some relative, we believe. Q.—In what number of THE THEATRE are there scenes from "The Little Minister"? A.—We have not published any.

B. T., N. J—Q—Has Edwin Arden got a son? A.—He has no son, but has a daughter about sixteen years of age. Q.—Is his wife on the stage at present? A.—See answer to "Mary B." Q.—Is Miss Isabelle Evesson, leading lady of Proctor's Fifth Avenue, married? A.—The lady is not married. Q.—Is it necessary to take a course through the dramatic school to go on the stage? A.—It is not necessary to take lessons at any school to go on the stage. Q.—Is Wallace Erskine, of Proctor's Fifth Avenue Stock Company, married? A.—He is not.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Who played Dorothy to John Drew's Richard Carvel the season it was at the Empire Theatre? A.—Ida Conquest acted Dorothy. Q.—In what is Harry Woodruff now playing? A.—See answer to J. MacB.

J. S. P.—Q.—Are there agencies in New York city that make a specialty of getting church positions for singers, in New York or nearby towns? A.—Yes, see the musical trade papers.

J. C. V.—Q.—Where is William G. Stewart and in what is he playing? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is the President of The Professional Woman's League the wife of Colwin Arden? A.—She is the present President of the Professional Woman's League. Q.—Where can I address her? A.—108 West 45th Street, this city, is the address of the League. Q.—What is Edwin Arden's real name? A.—See answer to "Mary B." Q.—Do you intend publishing an interview with him? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Do you know what his plans are for next year? A.—We do not know what he will do next season.

W. W., Long Island city.—Q.—In what issue of THE THEATRE did you publish pictures of the following plays: "Checkers," March, 1904; "The Music Master," November, 1904.

E. R.—Q.—Have you published scenes from "Du Barry" and "Her Own Way"? A.—See our issues for February, May and September, 1902, and November, 1903.

M. F. M.—Q.—At what theatre did "The Way of the World" play? A.—At the Victoria Theatre. Q.—Did Drina de Wolfe ever act in that play? A.—Not that we know of, but Miss Elsie de Wolfe did. Q.—Are you sure that Drina de Wolfe was never on the stage before appearing at Mrs. Osborne's playhouse? A.—Possibly, but in obscure parts. Q.—What year was Mrs. Osborn's playhonse in existence? A.—1902.

H. G. B., Boston.—Julia Marlowe's right name is Sarah Frances Frost, Brough being a family name and assumed for the stage during the early part of her career. It is a coincidence that her first assumed name, "Fanny Brough" should also be the name of the gifted English actress playing with John Drew this season. John Bruff was the name of her father, who kept a saloon in Cincinnati in 1877. She took the name of Marlowe afterwards for stage purposes. She was also known as Sarah Frances Fros.t The Court of Common Pleas in this city gave her permission to change her name.

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New York's Great Hippodrome

It is somewhat odd that, enterprising as the American showman is, no attempt until now has been made to introduce in America the permanent circus, or hippodrome, so long a popular amusement feature on the Continent of Europe. The winter circus and the summer circus are not, indeed, so fashionable in Paris as they were fifty years ago, but the decline of these once famous resorts is due less to the circus form of entertainment itself as to the fact that more modern and up-to-date rival establishments have eclipsed them. The magnificent hippodrome in the Avenue de l'Alma is itself a thing of the past, but the Nouveau Cirque, with its novel water tank and comic or thrilling aquatic performances set a pace that soon outdistanced old time competitors. London soon followed suit with her Hippodrome, closely copied after the Paris Nouveau Cirque, and since then has been built the splendid Coliseum. Now New York boasts of a similar place of amusement, and in size, at least, can give points to some of its foreign rivals. Thompson & Dundy, two young men who won a fortune from the barren sands of Coney Island, conceived the idea of a Hippodrome for New York, and erected the imposing structure now completed on the Sixth Avenue block between Forty-third and Fourty-fourth Streets.

The New York Hippodrome is not copied after the old world structures, nor is it expected to house the same form of entertainment. Thompson & Dundy are advancing along original lines, inasmuch as the Hippodrome will not be an in-door circus, as all the hippodromes in Europe are, but will blend the best acts of circus with spectacle, pantomime, vaudeville, musical comedy, drama, zoologic and aquatic performances.

The length of the building on the Sixth Avenue side is two hundred feet, occupying the entire block, and it extends two hundred and forty feet toward Fifth Avenue. It is one hundred and ten feet high in the rear and seventy-two feet high along Sixth Avenue. In its capacious interior are found seats to accommodate 5,200 persons, promenades, a café and restaurant, lounging rooms, a stage one hundred and ten feet deep by two hundred feet wide, which is large enough to hold the entire body and stage of almost any other New York theatre.

Mr. Thompson, of the firm, is a practical electrician and mechanic with a genius for invention. The amazing effects in light and color he produced at Luna Park made him famous. In construction, appliance and manipulation the stage which Mr. Thompson has installed in the Hippodrome is novel throughout and original with him. Properly its depth is fifty feet, but an "apron," which has been made part of it, extends sixty feet into the body of the playhouse. On this are produced the water spectacles of whose novelty and beauty the American who has not been abroad has no conception, and it will be devoted, too, largely to the circus department of the enterprise. Two circus rings of the regulation forty-two feet diameter occupy it when it is not in use for the water scenes.

There is no "gridiron" on the Hippodrome stage. The massive scenery, some of which weighs as much as ten tons, works to and fro in pockets at the sides of the auditorium. In all other theatres the movement is a vertical one. Mr. Thompson has installed a system of electric cranes which pick the pieces up bodily and convey them to and fro with no apparent effort. Human hands play little part in the stage operation. Weighing unencumbered, about 460,000 pounds, the platform of the stage is controlled by hydraulics and counterweights. The reservoir is twelve feet deep, one hundred and sixty feet long and sixty feet wide.

Thompson & Dundy have made their house comfortable. The chairs are twenty-one inches wide. No occupant feels the cramped sensation which the seventeen-inch seats of ordinary playhouses engender. Behind fourteen rows of orchestra seats are the stalls seen in European theatres. Then come a line of boxes encircling the promenade in which smoking will be allowed. It will be confined, however, entirely to this section of the house and to these boxes.

The performance in the Hippodrome is a combination of all that one may see in all types of other theatres. There will be two parts to the entertainment, "A Yankee Circus on Mars" and "Andersonville, or, The Wilson Raiders." In the first the opening scene discloses a traveling circus in financial misfortune, and the performance is progressing with a feigned air of gayety, the freaks and side show "spielers" are performing for the edification of the rustic visitors. The sheriff appears with an attachment. There is an auction sale with all the air of the nomadic fascination of the country circus "lot," and finally, a messenger appears from the planet Mars and buys in the outfit. The shift of the scene to the Palace of the Martian King discloses the first of the spectacular surprises. There, in the royal courtyard, is given the circus performance in which are employed the aerial acrobatic and equestrian marvels of the world.

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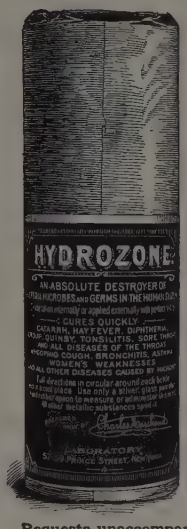

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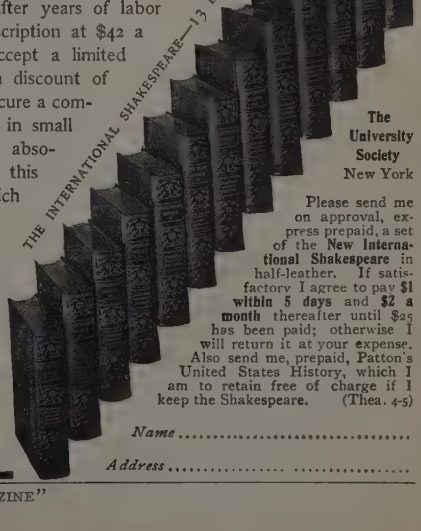

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IN THE WORLD OF FASHION

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Simple and effective blouse of white china silk

Posed by Miss Charlotte Palmer of Lew Fields' Theatre
Smart blouse of pale blue liberty silk and lace
(Blouses from Saks & Co.)

Flesh color chiffon silk with exquisite lace embellishment

TAILORED frocks allow a wide choice in the matter of style and trimming. Some of the newest models show gimp and button embellishment and even embroidered scallops, others are as severe in outline as the word "tailored" seems always to suggest.

The gown shown in Fig. 1 is of light gray material, with an almost invisible check, a distinguishing feature is the blouse back, above postillion ends. This, of course, is a trying style for any save tall, svelte figures. The woman who is in the least inclined to embonpoint dares never a fancy touch or bit of trimming on the back of her bodice.

Fig. 2 is a charming model frock in pastel blue Burlingham. The sleeves are double puffed affairs and the bands of self material on the skirt have a circular shape below the knee. For wear over a lingerie blouse this is a very smart gown.

Tailored gowns of voile or veiling, made up over bright plaids are seen and will probably become all too popular. Fads of this sort invariably run themselves into the ground, for cheap imitations spring up which, while they are self-evident, are nevertheless dampening to the ardor of the smart woman who wants exclusive modes.

Check voiles in light tans and grays will be made up over plain-toned taffeta, and these veiling frocks are sure to be liked because they depart somewhat from the severity of the plain "tailor made," and may be used as afternoon frocks.

While voile is the material for out-of-door gowns, it is also greatly worn for indoor costumes. Among the trousseau of an Easter bride was seen a house gown of gray-blue voile trimmed with moiré silk and chiffon taffeta in the same shade. The bodice had a yoke effect produced by a curiously full ruffle of the moiré applied in such a way that it resembled a full flat puff. A similar ruffle was applied lower down on the bodice. Both of these ruffles came nearly together on the right side where the voile opened to show a pleated insertion of chiffon. At the ends of the ruffles there were choux effects in moiré.

Two more of the ruffles were shown on the sleeves, above long, drooping puffs of voile to the elbows, from which point the sleeves were mousquetaire and made of the moiré. The skirt had a tight fitting yoke, the sheen of the blue-gray silk showing through the voile. Just below the knees were two narrow ruffles of moiré, and the trailing skirt had a shaped section like an applied flounce, except that it was flat. It was made of the blue-gray chiffon taffeta, and was graduated to half the length of the skirt in the back, rounding out to eighteen inches in the centre of the front.

Chiffon taffeta is really an excellent material for dressy occasions. It makes very charming blouses and shirt waist suits, and needs no trimming save embellishment of self shirrings applied in various designs upon the skirt, about the hips or knees and on the waist in scalloped yoke or vest effect.

Particularly adapted to morning wear are the fine blue and white silks. These may be trimmed with narrow braid and answer also for informal wear in the afternoon.

One's summer wardrobe should contain at least one shirt waist suit of white pongee or taffeta. Better than taffeta are some of the heavier silks in white, which color will be more worn than ever during the warm months. Loose weave materials like tweed are very smart for this purpose and they are made up with or without linings. A very smart frock from a Fifth Avenue modiste was of light weight, loose woven tweed in cream white. One might have called it a basket weave, and it was made up over sheer white linen. It was a coat and skirt suit, and the glimpse of dainty linen lining as the coat was thrown back, was really very chic. These tweeds and loose weave materials are seen in grays, tans and creams, with invisible plaidings in lines of white or deeper tone of self color. They are made up in coat and skirt or shirtwaist suits and are quite the smartest thing shown for summer. The thought of the dainty linen linings brings with it a suggestion of a charming Parisian frock only just imported. It is of daintiest rose pink linen with an untrimmed skirt and a blouse cut in a broad V at the throat and having short sleeves ending at the elbow. Under the blouse is a bodice of sheer openwork batiste, showing as a guimpe and undersleeves. There are broad turn back collar and cuffs, scalloped on the edges and buttonholed in heavy linen; a scarf of black silk is knotted under the collar, with soft, flowing ends, which gives the unmistakeable French touch to the costume.

Gray mixed walking gown with guimp trimming

The Elizabethan figure continues to be the vogue. There must be a geometrically straight line from the bust to the point of the girdle. This effect is had usually by means of the sachet pad, sometimes heart-shaped and usually of delicately colored satin, containing the wearer's favorite sachet.

Skirts are wider and much gored, often having as many as twenty-five seams. An attractive skirt is made of alternate box and side pleats, one double pleat and three single ones, and so on around the entire skirt. Another good-looking model is tucked at the waist into spaces of four inches, then bands four inches long, pointed at the ends, are attached with the skirt; fullness starting from these straps. This is a variation from the all-pervading pleated effect. All skirts have plain effects over the hips. Three tiered skirts are seen especially in checked materials. A notable model was in champagne and white. The ruffles are almost plain in front most of the fullness being gathered at the back. A good and effective idea is to edge each ruffle with a narrow band of plain material of the same color as the check. The unbecoming check effect may be relieved on the bodice by a chemisette and a small sailor collar of heavy lace, with a girdle of plain cloth.

A smart frock for early summer is of reseda green taffeta, having straps of cloth, braided with soutache, encircling the base of the full skirt. The corsage has a high draped belt, meeting broad braided green cloth bretelles. The sleeves are

developed in three puffs, one at the top, another at the elbow, a third at the wrist. They are separated by bands of braid.

Another coat and skirt suit, which is really very good,

Postilion back with bloused effect

is of light tan etamine. The skirt is box plaited and each pleat is trimmed on the outer fold with a braiding in brown. The coat revers are of champagne velvet, spotted with pin dots in brown.

Among the traveling garments which will be in vogue for the coming summer, the Japanese pongee coats are seen. These are often elaborately embroidered and cut full length, either box-shaped or fitted. The Rajah and Burlingham weaves are also very smart for tourists'

Tailored frock of heavy pastel blue Burlingham silk, posed by Miss Isabel Plunkett of Lew Fields' Theatre

wraps. One sees them with deep collar and cuffs embroidered with raised dragons and Japanese temples.

Some of the plain tailored coat-gowns are being made of black cloth with a high lustre. Velvet coats will also

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is the story of the recently completed New York Hippodrome, with illustrations of the building, the mechanism of the wonderful stage and a few of the many attractions that are offered to the people. The size of this building is such that both the Hippodrome of Paris and that of London could be placed within the auditorium.

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is a paper of more than unusual interest, as the manufactory of these delicately constructed articles has been shrouded in mystery. The article is illustrated.

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is a marvel of photographic illustration and brings the reader in touch not only with the secrets of the theatrical properties but with the very gods worshiped in the temples of India.

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be worn with a skirt of contrasting color. The little Louis Sixteenth jackets with deep cuffs and ruffles of lace will also have unquestioned vogue.

These are especially good for afternoon wear and dainty skirts of chiffon or lace are worn with them. Various materials are used for the jackets; some are in plain silks, others are in the pompadour patterns; often they are trimmed with tiny rhinestone buttons.

While the skirt and bodice to match are demanded by Dame Fashion, the separate blouse is still with us and likely to remain because of its utility. Some of the big shops are showing most elaborate models of chiffon silk and liberty satin, exquisitely embellished with thread-like lace over mousseline, or unlined. Those shown in the illustration are from Saks & Co., and very smart examples of the mode.

Number 1 is made of flesh-colored liberty satin, with fine lace motifs. Number 2 is of the same material in delicate blue, while number three is what the fair feminine owner will designate a "simple white china silk blouse." It is marked at twenty-odd dollars, while the other two beautiful blouses sell for respectively thirty and fifty dollars each.

At this same shop many exquisite designs are being shown at smaller prices, while special models bring still higher. Odd blouses are made now of flowered silks, one charming design was light-colored, with a bolero and elbow sleeves. Flounces of soft lace fell from the tatter and the under part was of soft mousseline to match lhe flower in the bolero. Ribbon girdles and knotted ribbons around the elbow added a pretty finishing touch.

A lovely crepe de chine matinee blouse was of pale blue with an unseamed back. The material was drawn up in front to the centre of the bust, where it formed a knot under a stiff bow of chiffon velvet of the same shade. A narrow cravat of the velvet was tied at the base of the throat. The entire front was a mass of cream "val" ruffles on a chiffon foundation. The elbow sleeves were slashed and buttoned with three fancy buttons, the lace frill rippling down the outside of the arm and then around.

A good design in an all lace waist is made to fasten under the arms. Broad velvet bands hang from the shoulders and two more cross these and go around the figure. Velvet cuffs flare at the elbow and lace hangs down from them. The belt is also of velvet. This might be made up in black lace or in net.

The short skirt, or what the French people call the "trottoir" is a recognized feature of smart wardrobes now. For a long time this sensible and practical garment struggled vainly for recognition in correctly dressed circles, but it was regarded as a plebeian intruder and frowned upon accordingly. Now every one is wearing the ankle length skirt for walking and, not content with its establishment for out-of-door service, it is endeavoring to be received in the ballroom. Indeed, many, if not most, of the new dancing frocks are being cut round, or "1830" length.

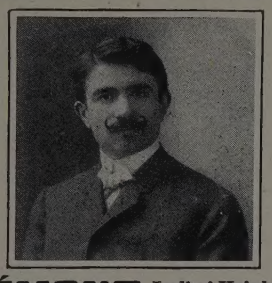
For the girl with a pretty ankle this fashion will be a welcome innovation. Dinner frocks are still made according to regulation evening length. The round length gowns for dancing are made close fitting around the hips, with a very full flare at the hem.

ANNA MARBLE.

SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH

Sarah Bernhardt, in a recent interview, laughingly alluded to herself as an apostle of youthfulness, and called attention to the widespread activity among American women, both in professional and private life, in following her example. It is now considered almost a crime to grow old before one's time. Actresses know very well the practical value of a youthful appearance and women in general are now striving just as hard toward the same end. It is consiedred as important for a woman to retain the admiration of a husband as of a public audience.

The matter of keeping youth and beauty is really a simple one. First of all, of course, comes right, careful living, the kind that one's own constitution and disposition demands. Then the persistent use of some skin-food of proven merit, like Oxzyn Balm. No need, then, of wrinkles, or facial blemishes. A clear, delicate complexion, the real foundation of beauty, may be acquired and retained. Oxyzn Balm was discovered twenty years ago by Dr. Chas. De Medici, a famous chemist, and a descendant of the illustrious Medici family, after a long and systematic series of experiments. The long and continued favor and present prominence of Oxzyn Balm bear tribute to his skill. Oxzyn Balm beautifies surely and safely by Nature's own means.



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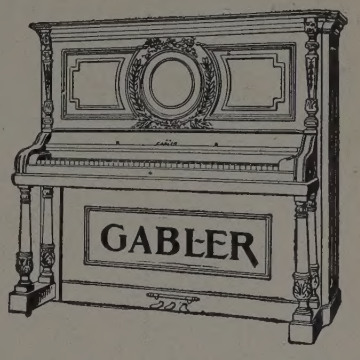

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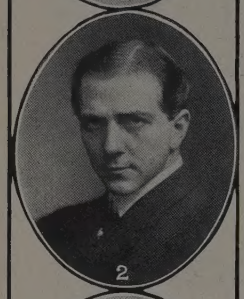
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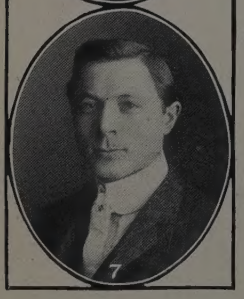
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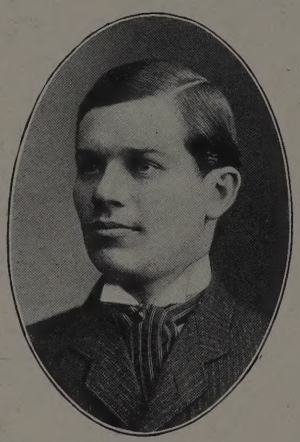
THE Empire Stock Company, of Columbus, Ohio, has won an enviable reputation for itself since it became a popular institution of Ohio's capital city. It has enjoyed a run of nearly two years and its popularity is ever increasing. One and all the members whose portraits are reproduced here have made themselves prime favorites with the theatre-going public of Columbus, so that now that element of the city's inhabitants regard these expert players as their own. Manager Weisman has held himself devoted to a high standard, not only in regard to the personnel of his company, but also as to the class of plays produced.

Only the best and highest class productions available in the stock field to-day are considered worthy of being offered patrons of the Empire Theatre. For instance, during the week of February 27, Bertha Galland's success, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," was produced at this theatre for the first time by any stock company. It was secured by Manager Weisman, and its production was one of the most brilliant events of the season at the Empire. And this is but one instance. Seldom in the history of stock productions in America has such a series of high-class, expensive and meritorious plays been produced in rapid succession, as is now being presented at the Empire Theatre. Productions at this house are as nearly perfect from an artistic and scenic standpoint as talent and ingenuity, combined with the liberal expenditure of money, can make them. Harry McRae Webster, the stage director, has achieved many triumphs in the productions he has staged and with the able assistance of Scenic Artist Gustav Schell, the most gorgeous and perfect scenic equipment is always provided.

The orchestra, under the skilled direction of Mr. Fred Neddermeyer, deserves especial mention, for not only the leader but every member is a true artist, and the weekly musical programs are feasts of delightful harmony. Frank Camp and Mr. Charles Waldron, the leading men, and Miss Ida Adair, the leading woman, have had wide experience and unusual talents. They have all become extremely popular with Columbus theatre goers. And, indeed, this can be said emphatically of every member of the company.



HAROLD A. WEISMAN
Manager Empire Theatre, Columbus, O.

Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 10.—Louisville has had so many good plays spoiled by second and third rate companies this season, that a good company or actor presenting a high-class play is thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. During the month of February, Macauley's Theatre offered such high-class productions as Chas. Hawtry, in "A Message from Mars;" Maxine Elliott, in "Her Own Way;" Wm. Crane, in "Business is Business;" and Wm. Gillette, in "The Admiral Crichton." Of these, Chas. Hawtry and Maxine Elliott made the most decided hits. Miss Elliott was greatly admired, and with her excellent support, it is no wonder that she has proven one of the successes of the season.

At the Masonic, Miss Ruth Peebles, in "The Seminary Girl," proved a popular attraction. Miss Peebles made a coy and charming school maid, while the rest of the company took their parts acceptably. The scenery is new and unique, and the costumes pretty. This company is en route for New York, where it hopes to make a hit. Miss Florence Bindley, in "The Street Singer," was only fair. The piece smacks too much of the "blood and thunder" type to please the Masonic audiences, and is too much drama and not enough music. However, the "Diamond Dress," of Vaudeville fame, worn by Miss Bindley during the third act, proved a drawing card. Harry Brown, in "David Harum," also made a hit. While most of us can think only of Crane in this celebrated rôle, Mr. Brown made an acceptable David, and filled the house during his engagement. "York State Folks" pleased audiences, and its simple story never fails to interest.

Hopkins' seems to increase in popularity with each succeeding week. This is the first strictly vaudeville house Louisville has ever had, and it deserves its remarkable success. Paul Conchas easily tops the list of head-liners, and his wonderful act of catching great shells and thirteen-pound cannon balls on the nape of his neck, is the most daring ever witnessed in this city. Next to Conchas, Katheryne Osterman, Flo Adler, and the Ford Sisters proved most popular. The Ford Sisters are now in their second week, and their clever dancing pleases large audiences at every performance.

At the Avenue, "A Race for Life," "The Flaming Arrow," and "The Streets of New York," give their audiences all the thrills and nerve-tingles that they could wish for. This house gives its patrons what they want, and as a result draws the best crowds of any theatre in the city.

During Miss Elliott's engagement at Macauleys, a panic was narrowly averted. During the second act, a fuse in the gallery burned out, and soon the smoke began to descend into the pit of the theatre. Immediately, the entire house was on its feet, and only the timely speech of the stage manager, and the coolness of the orchestra, which began to play a lively air, saved what might have been a dangerous panic. EDWARD EPSTEIN.

Wausau, Wis.

WAUSAU, WIS., March 12.—Daniel Sully appeared at the Grand Opera House to two houses, presenting Jerold Shepard's play, "Our Pastor." The Donna Troy Stock Company also played a week's engagement at the same house and gave good satisfaction. Their bill was made up of new stock plays, and therefore drew good houses every night.

Mildred Holland, supported by an exceptionally strong company, presented "The Triumph of an Empress" to a large house, and the Alphonse and Gaston Company were also seen here. Weber and Fields' "Hoity Toity" played to a standing-room only, last evening, and was enjoyed by all. Manager Cone is to be complimented on the high-class music that he is furnishing for all of the attractions at his house. Cone's orchestra comprises twenty of the best musicians in the West, each member being a soloist of note.

Coming attractions are, "The Girl and The Bandit," "Silver Slipper," "Superba," "Across the Pacific," "W. J. Bryan."

E. S. DICKENS.

Easton, Pa.

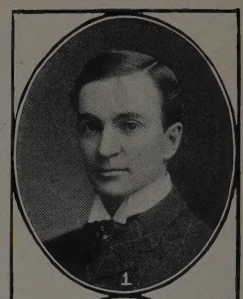
EASTON, PA., March 14.—Manager Wm. K. Detwiller, of the Abel Opera House, Easton, Pa., has been especially fortunate in his bookings this season, and the attendance has been very good. Companies that have played here within the last two weeks are "Babes in Toyland," "The Second Fiddle," Nance O'Neil in "Magda," and "Woodland."

H. D. SMITH.

Columbus, Ga.

COLUMBUS, GA., March 10.—The new Springer Opera House is one of the most modern in the South, and there are only two theatres in the South that have as much stage space, one in Louisville, Ky., and the other in Richmond, Va. The seating capacity is seventeen hundred. The manager, Frank Springer, numbers his theatrical friends by the score. He has made the theatre one of the most popular in the South by securing the best companies which come to this section of the country. He has in connection with the Opera House the most modern European plan hotel in the State and it is well patronized by the players. THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is the most popular with the theatre people here. Our manager is in his delight when he is scanning the pages of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. We all sympathize with you in the loss of your building by fire and think it is wonderful that you have gotten out such a splendid number this month. Dustin Farnum was very popular here.

HOMER M. LYNCH.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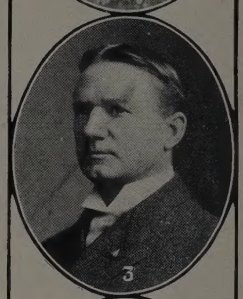
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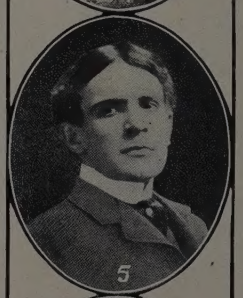
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Pictures at left are: 1. Ida Adair—Leads. 2. Charles Waldron—Leads. 3. Faye Courteney—Ingenue. 4. Gavin Harris—Character. 5. Elinor Westcott—Juvenile. 6. Wilton Taylor—Character. 7. Gustav Schell—Scenic Artist.

Pictures at right are: 1. Frank Camp—Leads. 2. Louise Marcelli—Heavies. 3. Jay Quigley—Character. 4. Lillian Andrews—Character. 5. Walter Greene—Heavies. 6. Guy Coombs—Juvenile. 7. Harry McRae Webster—Stage Director and Light Comedian.

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In nearly every industry, profession or trade, great changes and improvements have been made by the infusion of young blood and progressiveness, and each trade thus materially improved. The cleansing and dyeing business has been one of the most dilatory in this respect—the old-fashioned and antiquated ideas of twenty years ago still prevailing in the majority of cases. A notable exception to this rule is the cleansing and dyeing establishment of LEVEY, having the three finest cleansing shops in America, at Broadway at Forty-fifth Street, 122 West Thirty-sixth Street, and Columbus Avenue and Eighty-second Street, with a possibility of the same amount of stores to be opened within a short period.

Coming into their Thirty-sixth Street quarters, a few steps from Broadway, one is immediately taken with the exquisite taste (probably feminine) that has been wrought out of an ordinary store—a veritable palace, and while the average cleanser's establishment is generally garbed in the joyful coloring of an undertaking establishment, a happy blending of colors and oil colors, paintings and portraits one sees here. Photos of leading lights of the stage, together with their autographs and a cheery word or two for the Leveys.

You are approached by a dapper, amiable little man, and you know you have before you Mr. Levey, the chief wizard of the establishment. On all sides, one sees clerks busily hustling around, and once in a while the clicking of typewriters is heard from the partitioned office. At the Forty-fifth Street store you are also confronted with fine draperies and hangings, but in this instance, you are smilingly received by Mrs. Levey, who is conceded to be the lucky "mascot" of the entire force, and enjoys the reputation of being the most kindly to her employees, as well as the most courteous to all customers. The Eighty-second Street store is the latest creation of Mr. Levey, in the fittng up of a modern andi strikingly fashionable cleansing shop, and is in the hands of a faithful and trusted employee.

Making your errand known to the foreman of the factory at 408-410-412 East Ninety-third Street, your cannot but wonder at the discipline that seems to prevail in this busy bee-hive every one knowing their particular work, and doing it with more than the usual animation and energy. At this factory there are more than 200 persons employed, both men and wome Here one sees the expensive theatrical costumes of this or that well known company undergoing the cleansing process. The strangest things of all imaginable to you, is that there is no perceptible odor of benzine. You are told that the benzine house is absolutely separate, and that by the time the wearing apparel reaches the factory proper, all odors have disappeared. In the machinery room, your respect for your host is materially increased. On various machines you see "patented by H. Levey." Upon being sternly interrogated, Mr. Levey modestly owns to being the inventor of most of the machinery used in his works. He unaffectedly explains the intricacies of the machinery taking fire at his own words, and gives you a most comprehensive idea of the cleansing and dyeing industry. Through it all, one can not but help feeling that this youthful-appearing man is destined to achieve wonders in his art, if he is spared to this community.

He tells of his struggles from a dingy little cleansing shop on Second Avenue, not very far from Eighty-fifth Street, to his present places; of his ups and downs with the theatrical folk; of those long waits on cold wintry nights, not even being afforded the shelter of the stage entrances that of theatres scantily give, and waiting for the end of the performances to solicit work from the actresses; of his being turned away from one large theatrical syndicate at least fifty times, only to gain their entire work finally. He tells of his struggles against the conservatism in his especial business; and now he controls the largest portion of the theatrical trade, turning out the most filmy of costumes into the "good as new" condition, and this is no light task. Oh! the incredible smiles and dubious shakes of the head when he announced that he was prepared to clean any number of gowns within five hours, and an entire wardrobe within twelve hours. But those cynical smiles gave way to amazement and respect.

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